STANDARD
SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

# BOOK OF TALES

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THIRD READER

NEW YORK: CINCINNATI: CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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Standard Supplementary Readers.

# BOOK OF TALES

BEING

## SCHOOL READINGS, IMAGINATIVE AND EMOTIONAL

## *IN PROSE AND POETRY*

SUPPLEMENTARY TO THIRD READER

*EDITED BY*

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NEW YORK · : · CINCINNATI · : · CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

## STANDARD SUPPLEMENTARY READERS.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY READERS form a series of carefully graduated reading-books, designed to connect with any of the regular series of five or six Readers. These books, which are closely co-ordinated with the several Readers of the regular series, are : —

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# PREFACE.

In the series of Supplementary Readers, the plan of which is given on the opposite page, "The Book of Tales" is designed to furnish class-reading supplemental to any Third Reader of the regular series. The book is so graded that it may advantageously be begun early in the grammar-school course.

At this period, in the regular class-room work, pupils are engaged in the study of arithmetic, geography, and grammar; and it is precisely here that a corrective to the one-sidedness of technical routine is demanded. A deep craving is felt in all young minds for the food of fancy and feeling: if not satisfied by the healthful and pure in the realms of imagination and emotion, this craving will only too often find food in the garbage of perverted and sensational reading.

The scope of "The Book of Tales" is well indicated by its sub-title. It consists of readings "imaginative and emotional." The wide domain of the folk-lore of all nations has been explored for those beautiful creations that have instructed and delighted successive generations. A body of these creations forming, so to speak, the classics of fancy

has been gathered from the treasury of Arabian and Hindu lore, from the Teutonic storehouses of legend, from Scandinavian sagas, and from the finer modern spirits who have caught the inspiration of the elder masters.

Though the old tales and legends are rarely directly didactic, a deep meaning and moral run through them, and form the sweetness and savor that have kept them so long alive. Yet to select indiscriminately from folk-lore would not be fitting for educational purposes. Hence it is that in the choice of pieces for "The Book of Tales," only such have been taken as combine the noblest sentiment with the finest fancy; while at the same time all the pieces have been subjected to such scrutiny and editorship as guarantee the requisites of purity and propriety of sentiment and technical fitness for class-room reading.

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WEBSTERIAN MARKS USED IN THIS BOOK. — ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, ȳ, long; ă, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ, ў, short; ẽ as in tẽrm; ĩ as in fĩrm; o͞o as in fo͞od; o͝o as in fo͝ot; ç as s; ȼ, ch, as k; ġ as j; g̃ as in g̃et; n̨ as in lin̨ger; ʒ as z; ɣ as gz.

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## 1. — THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

**a-maze'ment**, wonder, surprise.
**be-times'**, early.
**bus'tled** [*bus'ld*], moved quickly.
**con'science** [*kon'shens*], that which tells us what is right and wrong.
**cus'tom-er**, a buyer.
**fin'ished** [*fin'isht*], done, brought to an end.
**hand'some-ly** [*han'sum-ly*], largely, liberally.
**ply**, to work hard.
**pros'per-ous**, well-to-do, thriving.
**thriv'ing**, well-to-do, prosperous.
**serv'ice** [*serv'iss*], that which does good to another, a benefit.
**waist'coat**, a vest.

1. THERE was once a shoemaker who worked very hard, and was very honest. Yet he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, — all except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the leather, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to God, and fell asleep.

2. In the morning he sat down to his work; but what did he see? The pair of shoes already made! There

they were on his work-bench. The poor man could scarcely believe his eyes, and did not know what to say. He took up the shoes to look at them more closely. There was not a false stitch in them: they were just like shoes made for a prize.

3. That day a customer came, and the shoes pleased him so well that he willingly paid a higher price than usual for them. With the money the shoemaker was able to buy leather for two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up betimes next day; but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was already done. Presently in came customers who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pairs more.

4. Again he cut out the work over night, and again found it finished in the morning. And so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by daybreak, and the good man soon became thriving and prosperous again.

5. One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, "I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me." The wife liked the idea. So they left a light burning, and hid themselves in the corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

6. As soon as it was midnight, there came two little naked dwarfs. They sat down upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping

and tapping away at such a rate that the shoemaker was all amazement, and could not take his eyes off for a moment. On they went till the task was quite finished, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before daybreak; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

7. The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, "These little folk have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a service in return. I am quite vexed to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep

off the cold. I'll tell you what: I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons. Do you make each of them a little pair of shoes."

8. The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying there for them, they laughed and were greatly delighted. Then they dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out of the door over the green. The shoemaker saw them no more; but every thing went well with him from that time forward, as long as he lived.

## 2.—THE LITTLE DREAMER.

1. A LITTLE boy was dreaming,
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

2. So, when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true.

## 3.—THE FAIRY FOLK.

1. Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting,
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,—
Green Jacket, Red Cap,
And White Owl's Feather.

2. Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs
All night awake.

3. They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back
Between the night and morrow:
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lakes,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wakes.

4. By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

5. Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting,
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together, —
Green Jacket, Red Cap,
And White Owl's Feather.

## 4. — THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

### Part I.

**ab-sorbed'** [*ab-sorbd'*], taken up with, wholly engaged.
**ac'ci-dent,** what happens by chance.
**a-ghast',** struck with sudden fright.
**aph'o-rism,** a saying, a proverb.
**be-seech'ing-ly,** in an earnest, begging manner.
**be-stowed'** [*bē-stōd'*], given.
**delf,** earthen ware (so called from *Delft*, in Holland, where this ware was early made).
**de-lib'er-ate-ly,** in a slow, thoughtful manner.
**e-vince',** show.
**ex-ceed'ing,** going beyond.
**fa'ble,** story, fib.
**re-pair',** set right.
**re-sumed'** [*-sūmd'*], went on to say.
**sum'mons,** call.
**trice** (originally thrice, while one can count three), a very short time.

1. My father, Mr. Caxton, was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer), and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delf blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs.

2. But, totally absorbed in his book, my father continued to read. "Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

3. Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the window, nodded to the summons, and came down in a trice, pale and breathless. "Oh!" said my mother mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May, — I would

rather any thing else were broken. The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton bought for me my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

4. Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy: it was I!"

"You? How could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. O Primmins!"

5. Primmins began to sob. "Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small, shrill voice; and Master Sisty, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly, "Don't scold Primmins, mamma: it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat, and was regarding the scene with serious eyes, wide awake.

6. "Hush!—And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so, and he never meant it.—Did you, Master Sisty? Speak" (this in a whisper), "or pa will be so angry!"

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident: take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

7. "No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun," said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, papa; and that's the truth of it Now beat me, do beat me!"

8. My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong: you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear. Oh, Mrs. Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to teach him parts us for ever!"

9. Not long after that event, Mr. Squills, who often made me little presents, gave me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children; it was a beautiful large domino-box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

10. "Ah!" said my father one day, when he found me ranging the ivory pieces in the parlor, — "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa!"

"You would be very sorry if your mamma were to throw that box out of the window, and break it, for fun." I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer. "But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a lovely blue-and-white flower-pot, and you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."

11. "Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't

mend bad actions: good actions mend bad actions." So saying, he shut the door, and went out. I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aphorism. But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day.

## 5.—THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

### PART II.

**bur'y-ing** [*ber'ry-ing*], hiding.
**com-men-da'ti-ons,** praise.
**lib'er-al,** free, outspoken.
**lin'gered** [*lin'gerd*], stopped.
**nurs'er-y-man,** a flower-gardener.
**pro-duced'** [*-dūst'*], showed.
**sanc'ti-ty** [*sanc'ti-ty*], sacredness.
**sol'emn-ly** [*sol'em-ly*], gravely, in a serious manner.
**spec'i-men,** example.

1. THE next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden. He paused, and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily. "My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to Fairworth; will you come? And, by the by, bring your domino-box: I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box; and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the high-road, we set out.

2. "Papa," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why, how, then, can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good carries two fairies about with him, — one here," and he touched my forehead, "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Sisty."

3. My father stopped at a nursery-man's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the price of this, sir?"

"Only seven and sixpence," said the gardener. My father buttoned up his pocket.

"I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

4. On entering the town, we stopped again at a china-warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked three and sixpence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait; and we can wait, my boy: for truth that blooms all the year round is better than a poor geranium, and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

5. My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country-towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and knickknacks. "And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the amount, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which Mrs. Caxton raffled for last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

6. I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that! Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

7. My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium: we can buy the flower-pot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right!" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

8. Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot!

"It is his doing and his money," said my father. "Good actions have mended the ball."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all: "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will return to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."

9. "Shall we buy it back, Sisty?" asked my father.

"Oh, no, no, no! it would spoil all," I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child,—the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice. Undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."

## 6.—THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

1. Come, take up your hats,
And away let us haste
To the Butterfly's ball
And the Grasshopper's feast:

2. The trumpeter Gadfly
Has summoned the crew,
And the revels[1] are now
Only waiting for you.

3. On the smooth-shaven grass,
By the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak
That for ages has stood,

4. See the children of earth,
And the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement
Together repair.

5. And there came the Beetle,
So blind and so black,

[1] *rev'els*, joyous feast.

Who carried the Emmet,
His friend, on his back;

6. And there was the Gnat,
And the Dragon-fly too,
With all their relations,
Green, orange, and blue.

7. And there came the Moth
In his plumage of down;
And the Hornet in jacket
Of yellow and brown,

8. Who with him the Wasp
His companion did bring,
But they promised that evening
To lay by their sting.

9. And the sly little Dormouse
Crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast
His blind brother the Mole;

10. And the Snail, with his horns
Peeping out from his shell,
Came from a great distance, —
The length of an ell.

11. A mushroom their table,
And on it was laid
A water-dock leaf,
Which a table-cloth made;

12. The viands were various,
To each of their taste;
And the Bee brought his honey
To crown the repast.

13. There, close on his haunches,
So solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner
Looked up to the skies;

14. And the Squirrel, well pleased
Such diversion to see,
Sat munching a nut
Overhead in a tree.

15. Then out came the Spider,
With fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity
On the tight line;

16. From one branch to another
His cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow
He darted along.

17. But just in the middle,
Oh, shocking to tell!
From his rope in an instant
Poor Harlequin fell.

18. Then the Grasshopper came
With a jerk and a spring:
Very long was his leg,
Though but short was his wing;

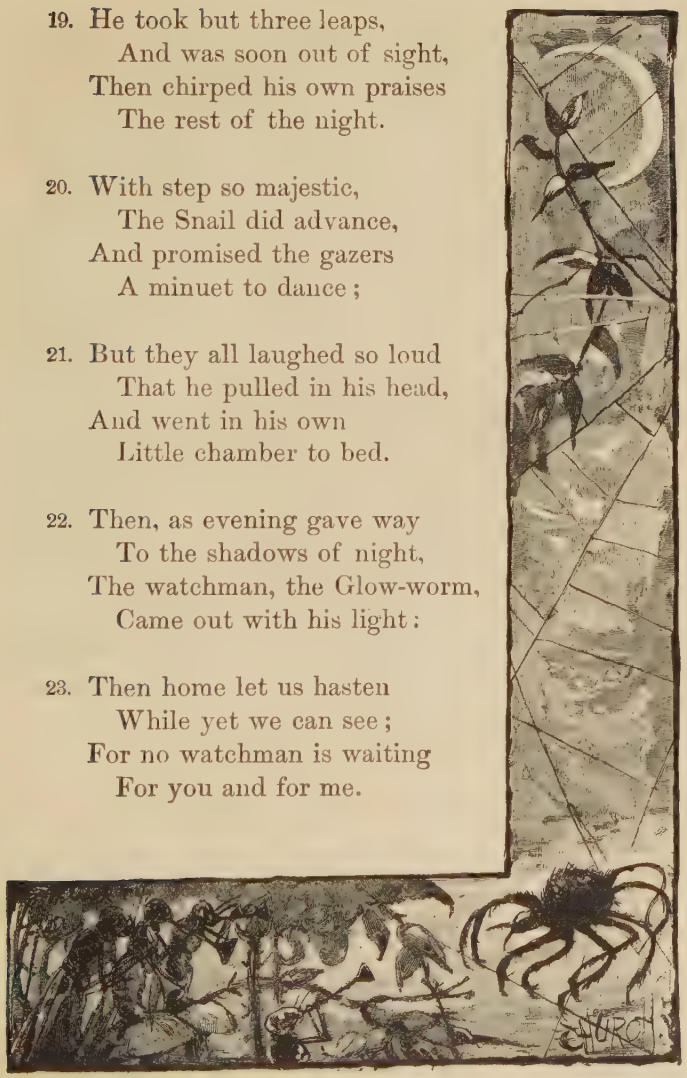
19. He took but three leaps,
And was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises
The rest of the night.

20. With step so majestic,
The Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers
A minuet to dance;

21. But they all laughed so loud
That he pulled in his head,
And went in his own
Little chamber to bed.

22. Then, as evening gave way
To the shadows of night,
The watchman, the Glow-worm,
Came out with his light:

23. Then home let us hasten
While yet we can see;
For no watchman is waiting
For you and for me.



## 7.—THE HEROIC SERF.

**anx'ious** [*ank'shus*], uneasy.
**bay'ing**, barking, howling.
**com'rades**, mates, companions.
**de-vōt'ed**, very faithful.
**fam'ished** [illegible], very hungry.
**in-scrip'tion** [illegible], something written or carved.
**lis'ten** [*lis'n*], hear, hark.
**pol'ished** [illegible], smooth.
**pur-suit'** [illegible], act of following.
**re-lay'**, fresh team.
**serf**, a servant for life.
**sin'gle**, pick out, select.
**urged**, pushed, pressed.

1. In the dark forests of Russia, where the snow lies on the ground for eight months in the year, wolves roam about in countless troops; and it is a fearful thing for

the traveler, especially if night overtakes him, to hear their famished howlings as they approach nearer and nearer to him.

2. A Russian nobleman, with his wife and a young daughter, was traveling in a sleigh over a bleak plain. About nightfall they reached an inn, and the nobleman called for a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper begged him not to proceed. "There is danger ahead," said he: "the wolves are out."

3. The traveler thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night, and, saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the repeated warnings of the landlord, the party proceeded on their way.

4. The driver was a serf who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. The sleigh sped swiftly over the hard snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road seemed like polished silver.

5. Suddenly the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange, dull sound I heard just now?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest."

6. The child shut her eyes, and kept still for a while; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with fear, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that is not the wind: I hear it again; do you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though those who were with him did not.

7. Whispering to the serf, he said, "They are after us. Get ready your musket and pistols; I will do the same. We may yet escape. Drive on! drive on!"

8. The man drove wildly on; but nearer, ever nearer, came the mournful howling which the child had first heard. It was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent, and was in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

9. At last the baying of the wolves was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader, and fire. I will single out the next; and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him. *That* will be some delay, at least."

10. By this time they could see the pack fast approaching, with their long, measured tread. A large dog-wolf was the leader. The nobleman and the serf singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were soon again baying at the sleigh. Again the nobleman and his servant fired. Two other wolves fell, and were instantly devoured. But the next post-house was still far distant.

11. The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "Let one of the horses loose, that we may gain a little more time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud shrieks of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. The remaining horses were urged to their utmost speed, but again the pack was in full pursuit. Another horse was cut loose, and he soon shared the fate of his fellow.

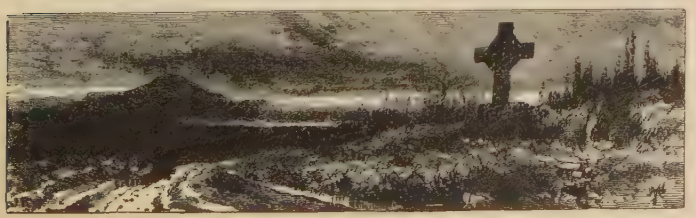
12. At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life. It is clear to me that we can not all reach the post-house alive. I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No, no!" cried the master, "we will live together or die together. You must not, must not!"

13. But the servant had made up his mind; he was fully resolved. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them: you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down, and do my best to delay their progress."

14. The sleigh glides on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it. The wolves are close on their track, and almost up with them. But what sound now rings out sharp and loud? It is the discharge of the servant's pistol. At the same instant he leaps from his seat, and falls a prey to the wolves! But meanwhile the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

15. On the spot where the wolves had pulled to pieces the devoted servant, there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman. It bears this inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



## 8. — THE AFTERNOON NAP.

1. The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away:
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

2. The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face;
He thought how often her mother — dead —
Had sat in the self-same place;
And the tear stole down from his half-shut eye:
"Don't smoke," said the child: "how it makes you cry!"

3. The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning-wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
Had plodded along to almost three;

4. Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head bent down on her soft hair, lay —
Fast asleep were they both that summer day.

## 9. — LADY-BIRD! LADY-BIRD!

1. LADY-BIRD! Lady-bird! pretty one, stay:
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay.
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is near:
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

2. Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home!
Thy house is afire, thy children will roam.
List, list! to their cry and bewailing.
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom;
Then, Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home:
Hark, hark! to thy children's bewailing.

3. Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbors will welcome thee merrily here;
With them shall no perils attend thee.
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
And comfort, and love, and befriend thee.

## 10.—JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

### PART I.

**ad-vent'ŭr-ous,** liking to take risks, daring.
**at-tract'ed,** drew, called forth.
**bar'gain** [*-gin*], agreement between two persons, one to buy, the other to sell.
**cu'ri-ous,** strange.
**dis-po-si'tion** [*-zish'un*], turn of mind.
**en-treat'ed,** begged, implored.
**ex-haust'ed** [*egz-hawst'ed*], weary, tired out.
**gal-lant',** polite to ladies.
**guard'i-an** [*gard'ĭ-an*], one who guards or protects.
**mys'ter-y,** a deep secret.
**re-flect'ed,** thought.
**re-proached'** [*re-prōcht'*], blamed.
**seiz'ing** [*seez'ing*], taking by force.
**sol'emn** [*sol'em*], earnest, sacred.

IN the days of good King Alfred there lived a poor widow, whose cottage was in a remote country village, many miles from London. She had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he never paid the least attention to any thing she said, but was careless, lazy, and wasteful. His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but to his mother's foolish fondness. In a short time he spent all that she had, and scarcely any thing remained but a cow. One day, for the first time in her life, she re-

proached him. "Cruel, cruel boy!" said she, "you have at last made me a beggar. I have not money enough to buy even a bit of bread; nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow! I am sorry to part with her; it grieves me sadly, but we can not starve."

2. For a few minutes Jack felt sorry, but it was soon over, and he began begging his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village. He teased her so much, that she at last consented. As he went along, he met a butcher, who asked why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied that he was going to sell her. The butcher held in his hat some curious beans, which were of various colors, and attracted Jack's attention. This was noticed by the man, who, knowing Jack's careless ways, thought he would not let slip so good a chance. So he asked the price of the cow, and offered to give all the beans in his hat for her. The silly boy could not conceal his pleasure at what he supposed so great an offer. The bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to surprise her.

3. When she saw the beans, and heard Jack's story, her patience left her. She tossed the beans out of the window, and they fell on the garden-bed below. Then she threw her apron over her head, and cried bitterly. Jack tried to console her, but in vain; and, having nothing to eat, they went supperless to bed. Jack awoke early in the morning, and, seeing something uncommon darkening the window of his bed-chamber, ran down stairs into the garden. He found some of the beans had taken root, and sprung up surprisingly. The stalks

were of an immense thickness, and had twined together until they formed a ladder like a chain, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds.

4. Jack was an adventurous lad: so he determined to climb to the top, and ran to tell his mother, not doubting she would be as pleased as he was. She declared that he should not go, and said it would break her heart if he did. But, though she entreated and threatened, it was all in vain, and Jack set out. After climbing for some hours he reached the top of the bean-stalk, quite exhausted. Looking around, he found himself in a strange country. It appeared to be a desert: not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen.

5. Jack seated himself pensively upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother. He now reflected with sorrow upon his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will, and was sure that he must die of hunger. However, he walked on, hoping to see a house, where he might beg something to eat. Soon he saw at a distance a beautiful lady, walking all alone. She was splendidly dressed, and carried a white wand, on the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

6. Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her; and she, with a sweet smile, asked him how he came there. When he had told her all about the bean-stalk, she said, "Do you remember your father, my child?"

"No, madam; but I am sure there is some mystery about him, for when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing."

"She dare not," replied the lady; "but I can and will. Only you must promise to obey me in every

thing, or you will perish yourself. For know, my lad, that I am a fairy, and was your father's guardian."

Jack was brave, and, besides, his fortunes were so bad they could not well be worse: so he promised.

7. The fairy continued, "Your father, Jack, was a most excellent, generous man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money; but he had one misfortune, — a false friend. This was a giant, whom he had helped in trouble, and who returned his kindness by killing him and seizing all his property. He also made your mother take a solemn oath that she would never tell you any thing about your father, or he would kill both her and you. Then he turned her off with you in her arms, to wander about the wide world as she might. I could not help her, as my power only returned on the day you went to sell your cow."

8. "It was I," added the fairy, "who put it into your head to take the beans, who made the bean-stalk grow, and filled you with the desire to climb up it to this strange country; for it is here the wicked giant lives who killed your father. You must avenge him, and rid the world of a monster who never will do any thing but evil. I will help you. You may lawfully take his house and all his riches, for every thing he has belonged to your father, and is therefore yours. Now, farewell! Do not tell your mother that you know your father's history: this is my command, and if you disobey me you will suffer for it. Now go."

9. Jack asked where he was to go. "Along the direct road, till you see the house where the giant lives. You must then act according to your best judgment, and I will guide you if any difficulty arises. Farewell!" And then, with a kindly smile, she vanished.

## 11.—JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

### Part II.

**crev'ice** [*-iss*], a narrow opening.
**de-scend'ed**, went down.
**dis-suade'** [*dis-swade'*], turn away from some plan.
**dun'geon** [*dun'jun*], a dark prison.
**gen'er-ous**, free to give.
**man'sion**, a large fine house.
**pur-sued'** [*pur-sūd'*], went on.
**suf'fered**, let, permitted.
**vic'tims**, persons to be sacrificed.

1. Jack pursued his way. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he saw a large mansion. At the door was a plain-looking woman. He spoke to her, begging she would give him a bit of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise, and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house; for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who would never eat any thing but human flesh, if he could possibly get it, and he would walk fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole day for that purpose.

2. This account greatly frightened Jack; but still he hoped to escape the giant, and so he again begged the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. She at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a kind and generous disposition, and took him into the house. First they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished. They then passed through several great rooms, in the same style of grandeur; but all appeared forsaken and lonely. A long gallery came next. This was very dark,—just light enough to show that, instead of a wall on one

side, there was a grating of iron which parted off a dismal dungeon, whence issued the groans of the victims whom the cruel giant kept for his feasts.

3. Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to be with his mother again; for he now began to doubt if he should ever see her more. He even distrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house only to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon. However, she bade Jack sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. Not seeing any thing to make him uneasy, he soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself, when he was startled by a loud knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house shake.

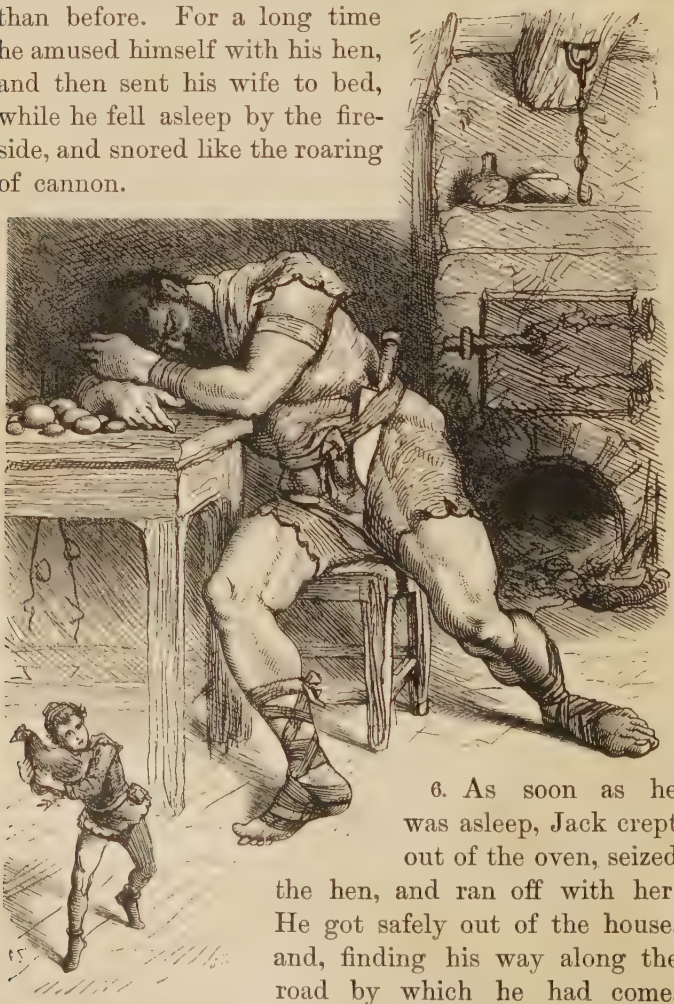
"Ah, that's the giant; and if he sees you he will kill you and me too," cried the poor woman, trembling all over. "What shall I do?"

4. "Hide me in the oven," cried Jack, now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father's cruel murderer. So he crept into the oven, for there was no fire near it, and listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife. At last he seated himself at table; and Jack, peeping through a crevice in the oven, was amazed to see how much food he devoured. It seemed as if he never would finish eating and drinking; but he stopped at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice like thunder, —

"Bring me my hen!" She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen.

5. "Lay!" roared the giant; and the hen laid immediately an egg of solid gold. "Lay another!" And

every time the giant said this, the hen laid a larger egg than before. For a long time he amused himself with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fire-side, and snored like the roaring of cannon.



6. As soon as he was asleep, Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and, finding his way along the road by which he had come, reached the top of the bean-stalk, and descended in

safety. His mother was overjoyed to see him, for she thought he had come to some ill end.

"Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay!" and the hen obeyed him as readily as the giant, and laid as many golden eggs as he wished.

7. These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother had plenty of money, and for some months lived very happily together. Then Jack had another great longing to climb the bean-stalk and carry away some more of the giant's riches. He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father. He thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not venture to tell his mother, for he knew very well that she would try to prevent his going. However, one day he told her boldly that he must make another journey up the bean-stalk. She begged and prayed him not to think of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him. She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would like nothing better than to get him into his power, in order that he might put him to a cruel death, and thus be revenged for the loss of his hen.

## 12.—JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

### Part III.

**ar'gu-ments**, reasons for doing or not doing something.
**con-sent'ed**, agreed.
**con-tin'u-al-ly**, for ever.
**dis-guise'**, make so that one is not known, conceal.
**guin'ea** [*gin'e*], an English coin, worth about five dollars.
**im-pa'tient** [*im-pā'shent*], not patient.
**neigh'bor-ing** [*nay'bur-ing*], being near.
**per-suade'** [*per-swade'*], to get one to do a thing.
**treas'ure** [*trezh'ure*], a thing much prized.

1. Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, ceased speaking, though he was firmly resolved to go. He had a dress prepared which would disguise him, and something to color his skin; and then he thought it impossible for any one to know him.

2. The next morning he rose very early, and, unseen by any one, climbed the bean-stalk a second time. He was very tired when he reached the top, and very hungry. Having rested some time on a heap of stones, he went on his way to the giant's mansion, which he reached late in the evening. The woman was at the door as before. Jack went up and spoke to her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting that she would give him something to eat and drink, and also a night's lodging.

3. She told him (what he knew before very well) that her husband was a powerful and cruel giant, and also that she had one night admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy, but that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since then her

husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly, and continually scolding her for being the cause of his misfortune.

4. Jack felt sorry for her, but said nothing, and did his best to persuade her to admit him. This was a very hard task, but at last she consented; and, as she led the way, Jack observed that every thing was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking, she hid him in an old lumber-closet. The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundation. He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

5. The wife replied it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat, and left it at the top of the house. While supper was preparing, the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting up his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough. He was also continually scolding her for the loss of his wonderful hen.

6. At last, having ended his supper, he cried, "Give me something to amuse me, — my harp or my money-bags."

"Which will you have, my dear?" said the wife, humbly.

"My money-bags, because they are the heaviest to carry," thundered he.

She brought them, staggering under the weight. There were two bags, one filled with new guineas, and the other with new shillings. These she emptied out on the table, and the giant began counting them in

great glee. "Now you may go to bed, you old fool!" So the wife crept away.

7. Jack, from his hiding-place, watched the counting of the money, which he knew was his poor father's, and wished it was his own; it would give him much less trouble than going about selling the golden eggs. The giant, little thinking he was so closely watched, counted it all, and then put it back in the two bags, which he tied up very carefully, and placed beside his chair, with his little dog to guard them. At last he fell asleep as before, and snored so loud that the noise was like the roaring of the sea in a high wind, when the tide is coming in.

8. When Jack thought all was safe, he crept out, in order to carry off the two bags of money; but just as he laid his hand upon one of them, the little dog, which he had not noticed before, started from under the giant's chair, and barked loudly. Instead of trying to escape, Jack stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. The giant, however, continued in a sound sleep; and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog. He at once stopped barking, and began to devour it. So Jack carried off the bags, one on each shoulder; but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to descend the bean-stalk, and get back to his mother's door.

9. When he came he found the cottage deserted. He ran from one room to another, without being able to find any one. He then hastened into the village, hoping to see some of the neighbors, who could inform him where he could find his mother. An old woman at last directed him to a neighboring house, where she was ill

of a fever. He was greatly shocked at finding her dying, as he thought, and blamed himself bitterly as the cause of it all. However, at sight of her dear son, the poor woman revived, and slowly got well. Jack gave her his two money-bags; so they had the cottage rebuilt and well furnished, and were happier than they had ever been before.

## 13.—JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

### Part IV.

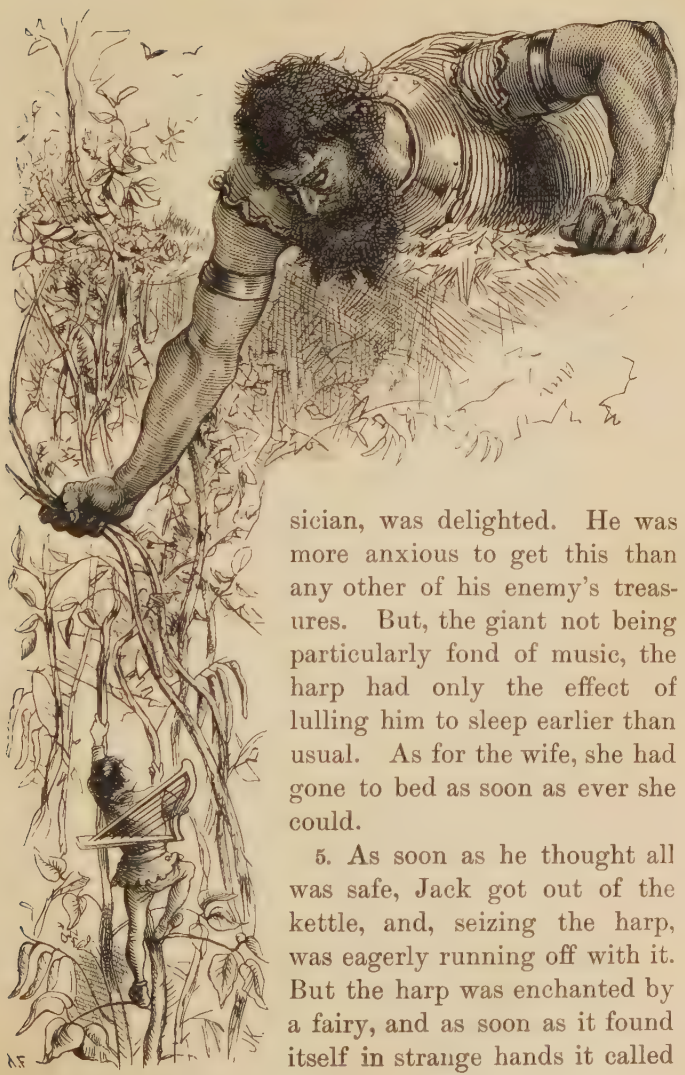
**ap-proached'** [*ap-proacht'*], went near.
**com-posed'** [*com-pōzd'*], calm.
**con-cealed'**, hidden.
**con'se-quence**, effect, result.
**con-trived'**, planned.
**en-chant'ed**, under the power of magic.
**en-deav'ored** [*en-dev'urd*], tried.
**e-nor'mous**, very large.
**in-cli-na'tion** [*-shun*], wish, desire.
**mel'an-chol-y** [*-kol-y*], sad.
**mon'ster**, a very large, ugly being.
**mu-si'cian** [*mu-zish'an*], one skilled in music.
**preyed** [*prād*], deeply affected.
**rec-ol-lec'tion** [*-shun*], remembrance.

1. For three years Jack scarcely thought of the bean-stalk; but he could not wholly forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. It was useless trying to amuse himself. He became thoughtful, and would arise at the first dawn of day, and sit looking at the bean-stalk for hours together. His mother saw that something preyed upon his mind, and endeavored to find out the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be if she succeeded. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the bean-stalk.

2. Finding, however, that his inclination grew too strong for him, he began secretly to make ready for his journey. He got a new disguise, better than the former; and when the longest day of summer came he woke as soon as it was light, and, without telling his mother, ascended the bean-stalk. This journey was much the same as his two former ones. He arrived at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found the wife standing, as usual, at the door. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; still, when he pleaded hunger and poverty, in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her. But at last he succeeded, and was concealed in the kettle.

3. When the giant returned, he said furiously, "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as the giant had been so easily satisfied before. However, the giant started up suddenly, and, in spite of all his wife could say, he searched all round the room. Meanwhile Jack was exceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; but when the giant approached the kettle, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened; for the giant did not take the trouble to lift up the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside, and began to eat his enormous supper.

4. When he had finished, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped from under the kettle-lid, and saw a most beautiful harp. The giant placed it on the table, and said "Play!" And it played of its own accord, without anybody touching it, the most lovely music. Jack, who was a very good mu-



sician, was delighted. He was more anxious to get this than any other of his enemy's treasures. But, the giant not being particularly fond of music, the harp had only the effect of lulling him to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

5. As soon as he thought all was safe, Jack got out of the kettle, and, seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it. But the harp was enchanted by a fairy, and as soon as it found itself in strange hands it called

out loudly, just as if it had been alive, "Master! Master!"

The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering away as fast as his legs could carry him. "O you villain! it is you who have robbed me of my hen and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive!"

6. "Very well, try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run. Jack himself had young legs and a clear conscience, which carry a man a long way. So, after leading the giant quite a race, he contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk, and then scrambled down it as fast as he could, the harp playing all the while the most melancholy music, till he said "Stop!" and it stopped.

7. When he reached the bottom, Jack found his mother sitting at her cottage-door, weeping. "Here, mother, don't cry: just give me a hatchet; make haste." He knew there was not a moment to spare, for he saw the giant beginning to descend the bean-stalk. However, the giant was too late; the monster's wicked deeds had come to an end. Jack with his hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off at the root; and the giant fell head first into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

8. Instantly the fairy appeared, and explained every thing to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who was his father's own son for bravery and generosity, and who would be sure to make her happy for the rest of her days.

So all ended well, and nothing was ever more heard or seen of the wonderful bean-stalk.

14. — LILLIPUT LEVEE.

1. WHERE does Pinafore Palace stand?
Right in the middle of Lilliput Land!
There the queen eats bread and honey;
There the king counts up his money.

2. Oh, what a wonderful change to see!
Nothing is dull as it used to be,
Since the children, by clever, bold strokes,
Have turned the tables upon the old folks.

3. Now the thing was easily done,
The children being two to one;
Brave as lions, quick as foxes,
With hoards of wealth in money-boxes.

4. They seized the keys, patrolled the street,
Drove the policeman off his beat,
Built barricades, and stationed sentries:
Give the word when you come to the entries!

5. They dressed themselves in riflemen's clothes;
They had pea-shooters and arrows and bows,
So as to put resistance down:
Order reigns in Lilliput Town.

6. They went to the druggist's, broke in the door,
And scattered the physic all over the floor;
They went to the schoolroom, and hid the books;
They munched the puffs at the pastry-cook's.

7. They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,
They sent up dozens of fire-balloons,
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

8. They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most magnificent toy;
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,
And made new laws in Lilliput Land.

9. *Never do to-day what you can*
*Put off till to-morrow*, one of them ran;
*Late to bed, and late to rise,*
Was another law which they devised.

10. They passed a law to have always plenty
Of beautiful things: we shall mention twenty, —
A magic lantern for all to see,
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree, —

11. A boat, a house that went on wheels,
An organ to grind, and tarts at meals,

Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,
Whips with whistles in the handles, —

12. A real live giant, a roc to fly,
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,
A garret of apples, a box of paints,
A saw, and a hammer, and no complaints.

13. Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
Saw off the legs of the parlor chairs, —
That was the way in Lilliput Land,
The children having the upper hand.

14. They made the old folks come to school
All in pinafores, — that was the rule, —
Saying, *Eener-deener-diner-duss,*
*Kattler-wheeler-whiler-wuss.*

15. They made them learn all sorts of things
That nobody liked. They had catechisings;
They kept them in, they sent them down
In class, in school, in Lilliput Town.

16. Oh, but they gave them tit for tat!
Bread without butter, — stale at that, —

Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin,
The marmalade on it ever so thin.

17 They governed the clock in Lilliput Land.
They altered the hour or the minute hand;
They made the day fast, or made it slow,
Just as they wished the time to go.

18. They never waited for king or for cat,
Or stopped to wipe their shoes on the mat;
Their joy was great; their joy was greater;
They rode in baby's perambulator!

19. There was a levee in Lilliput Town
At Pinafore Palace. Smith and Brown.
Jones and Robinson, had to go, —
All the old folks, whether or no.

20. Every one rode in a cab to the door
Every one came in a pinafore:
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,
Loud knock, proud knock, opera-hat.

21 The palace, bright with silver and gold,
Was full of guests as it could hold.
The ladies kissed her Majesty's hand:
Such was the custom in Lilliput Land.

27 His Majesty knighted eight or ten,
Perhaps a score, of the gentlemen;
Some of them short, and some of them tall;
*Arise, Sir What's-a-name What-do-you-call!*

23. Nuts and nutmeg (that's in the negus);
The bill of fare would perhaps fatigue us;
Forty fiddlers to play the fiddle:
Right foot, left foot, down the middle.

24. Conjurer's tricks with poker and tongs,
Riddles and forfeits, comical songs;
One fat fellow, too fat by far,
Tried "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"

25. His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight;
His wife said, "Mind, dear, sing it right;"
But he forgot, and said "Fa-la,"—
The Queen of Lilliput's own papa!

26. She frowned, and ordered him up to bed;
He said he was sorry; she shook her head:
His clean shirt-front with tears was stained,
But discipline must be maintained.

27. Now, since little folk wear the crown,
Order reigns in Lilliput Town;
And Jack is king and Jill is queen
In the very best government ever seen.

## 15.—RAKSHAS AND BAKSHAS: A HINDU TALE.

**ex-hĭ-bĭ'tion**, show.
**ex-traor'di-na-ry**, wonderful.
**jun'gle**, thickly-wooded country.
**pos'i-tive**, certain.
**pre'cious** [*presh'us*], costly.
**Rak'shas**, an ogre in Hindu legend

1. Once upon a time a blind man and a deaf man made a bargain. The blind man was to hear for the deaf man, and the deaf man was to see for the blind man; and so they were to go about on their travels together.

One day they went to a singing and dancing exhibition. The deaf man said, "The dancing is very good, but the music is not worth listening to." "I do not agree with you," said the blind man: "I think the music is very good, but the dancing is not worth looking at." So they went away for a walk in the jungle.

2. On the way they found a donkey, belonging to a washerman, and a big iron kettle, which the washerman used for boiling clothes. "Brother," said the deaf man, "here is a donkey and a kettle; let us take them with us: they may be useful." So they took them, and went on.

3. Presently they came to an ants' nest. "Here," said the deaf man, "are a number of very fine black ants; let us take some of them to show our friends." —"Yes," said the blind man, "they will make nice presents for our friends." So the deaf man took out a silver box from his pocket, and put several of the black ants into it.

After a time a terrible storm came on. "Oh, dear!" cried the deaf man, "how dreadful this lightning is! let us find some place of shelter." — "I don't see that the lightning is dreadful at all," said the blind man, "but this thunder is awful; yes, let us get under cover."

4. So they went up to a building that looked like a temple, and went in, and took the donkey and the big kettle and the black ants with them. But it was not a temple, it was the house of a powerful Rakshas; and the Rakshas came home just after they had got inside and had fastened the door.

Finding that he couldn't get in, he began to make a great noise, louder than the thunder, and to beat upon the door with his great fists.

5. Now, the deaf man looked through a chink, and saw him, and was very badly frightened, for the Rakshas was dreadful to look at. But the blind man was not so much afraid, for he could not see the Rakshas. So he went to the door, and called out: "Who are you? and what do you mean by coming here and battering at the door in this way, and at this time of night?"

"I'm a Rakshas," he answered, in a rage; "and this is my house; and if you don't let me in I will kill you."

6. Then the blind man called out in reply, "Oh! you're a Rakshas, are you? Well, if you're Rakshas, I'm Bakshas, and Bakshas is as good as Rakshas."

"What nonsense is this?" cried the monster; "there is no such creature as Bakshas." — "Go away," replied the blind man: "if you make any further disturbance I'll punish you; for know that I *am* Bakshas, and Bakshas is Rakshas's father."

7. "Goodness gracious!" cried the Rakshas, "I never heard such an extraordinary thing in my life. But, if you are my father, let me see your face," — for he began to get puzzled and frightened, as the person inside was so very positive.

Now, the blind man and the deaf man didn't quite know what to do; but at last they opened the door just a little, and poked the donkey's nose out.

8. "Bless me," thought the Rakshas, "what a terribly ugly face my father Bakshas has got!" Then he called out again, "O father Bakshas, you have a very big fierce face; but sometimes people have very big heads and very little bodies. Let me see you, body and all, before I go away."

Then the blind man and the deaf man rolled the great iron kettle across the floor with a thundering noise; and the Rakshas, who watched the chink of the door very carefully, said to himself, "He has got a great body sure enough, so I had better go away."

9. But he was still in doubt; so he said, "Before I go away let me hear you scream," for all the tribe of the Rakshas scream dreadfully. Then the blind man and the deaf man took two of the black ants out of the box, and put one into each of the donkey's ears; and the ants bit the donkey, and the donkey began to bray and to bellow so loud that the Rakshas ran away quite frightened.

10. In the morning the blind man and the deaf man found that the floor of the house was covered with heaps of gold, and silver, and precious stones. So they made four great bundles of the treasure, and taking one apiece, put the other two on the donkey, and off

they went. But the Rakshas was waiting a little way off to see how his father Bakshas looked by daylight; and when he saw only a deaf man, and a blind man, and a big iron kettle, and a donkey, all loaded with *his* gold and silver, he was very angry. So he ran off and fetched six of his friends to help him; and each of the six had hair a yard long, and tusks like an elephant.

11. When the blind man and the deaf man saw them coming, they ran and hid the treasure in the bushes; and then they got up into a lofty palm-tree, and waited. The deaf man, who could see, got up first, to be farthest out of harm's way.

Now, the seven Rakshas were not able to reach them, and so they said, "Let us get on each other's shoulders, and pull them down."

12. So one Rakshas stooped down, and the second got on his shoulders, and the third on his, and the fourth on his, and the fifth on his, and the sixth on his. Just as the seventh was climbing up, the deaf man got frightened, and caught hold of the blind man's arm and upset him, so that he tumbled down on the neck of the seventh Rakshas. The blind man thought he had fallen into the branches of another tree, and, stretching out his hands for something to take hold of, he seized the two great ears of the seventh Rakshas, and pinched them very hard.

13. This frightened the Rakshas, who lost his balance, and fell down to the ground, upsetting the other six of his friends; the blind man all the while pinching harder and harder, and the deaf man crying out from the top of the tree, "You're all right, brother; hold on tight: I'm coming down to help you" — though he really didn't mean to do any thing of the kind.

Well, the noise, and the pinching, and all the confusion, so frightened the six Rakshas that they ran away; and the seventh Rakshas, thinking that because they ran there must be great danger, shook off the blind man, and ran away too. The deaf man then came down from the tree, and embraced the blind man, and said, "I could not have done better myself."

14. Then he divided the treasure, — one great heap for himself, and one little heap for the blind man. But the blind man felt of his heap, and then felt of the other; and then gave the deaf man a box on the ear, so tremendous that it made the deaf man hear. Enraged at this, the deaf man gave the other such a blow between the eyes that it made the blind man see. Delighted at this good fortune, they became good friends directly, and divided the treasure into equal shares, and went home laughing at the stupid Rakshas.

## 16.—THE BETTER LAND.

1. "I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother! oh, where is that radiant[1] shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?

[1] *rā'di-ant*, bright, glorious.

Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

2. "Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

3. "Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

4. "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy.
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy.
Dreams can not picture a world so fair.
Sorrow and death may not enter there.
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

## 17.—FLOWERS OF FABLE.

**ap-pend'ag-es,** additions to a greater thing.
**churl'ish,** rude, surly.
**con-vĕn'i-ent,** handy, advantageous.
**dis-posed',** inclined, willing.
**Her'cu-les,** a Greek hero, celebrated for his strength.
**măn'ger,** a cattle-trough.
**Rey'nard** [*rā'nard*], a fox.

### I.—THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

1. A FOX who had been caught in a trap was very glad to save his life by the loss of his magnificent tail; but when he went into society again, he was so ashamed of his defect that he became quite weary of his life. However, as he could not recover his tail, he determined to make the best of a bad matter; so he called a meeting of the rest of the foxes, and proposed to them that they should follow his example.

2. "What is the use of tails?" said he: "they are ugly, draggling, unnecessary appendages; and it is astonishing that we foxes have put up with them so long. You have no idea of the comfort and ease of being without them; for my own part, I have never been so active and so brisk as I have since I got rid of my tail. I therefore propose, my brethren, that you should profit by my experience, and that from this day you should get rid of your tails."

3. Upon this a sly thief of a fox, who had formed a shrewd idea as to the reason of the loss of the fox's tail, stepped forward and said, "It strikes me, my friend, that you have found it convenient to part with

your tail; and when we are in similar circumstances, perhaps we shall be happy to do the same."

MORAL. — *Never listen to the advice of those who have reasons of their own for giving you their opinion.*

## II. — THE TWO TRAVELERS AND THE OYSTER.

1. TWO weary travelers found on the seashore a fine fat oyster. Both looked at it with longing eyes, both pointed to it at the same moment, but the question was, which of them should have it. Loud and long was the dispute between them, but neither was disposed to yield to the other. At length they saw approaching them with solemn step a learned judge.

2. "My lord judge," they both cried at once, "please to decide between us." With a grave face, the judge heard the arguments on each side. He then swallowed the oyster, and, delivering to each of the travelers a shell, said, "Let each take his due. Depart in peace."

MORAL. — *Law is not always justice.*

### III. — HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a countryman was driving a heavily-laden wagon along a miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay that the horses could not draw them out. Whereupon the man, without making any effort of his own, began to pray to Hercules to come and help him. But Hercules told him that he was an idle fellow, and bade him exert himself, apply his whip to the horses, and put his shoulder to the wheel, for the gods only helped those who helped themselves.

MORAL. — "*I will try*," *has wrought wonders.*

### IV. — THE DONKEY IN THE LION'S SKIN.

A DONKEY, having found the skin of a lion, put it on, and, going into the fields, amused himself by frightening all the animals he met. Seeing a fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, perceiving his long ears sticking out, and hearing his voice, at once knew who it was. "Ah!" said he, "I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray."

MORAL. — *It is not wise to judge a man by the coat he wears.*

### V.—THE EAGLE AND THE ARROW.

An archer aimed a shaft at an eagle, and hit him in the heart. When in the agonies of death the eagle turned his head, and saw that the arrow was winged with one of his own feathers. "Alas!" said he, "how much sharper are wounds which are made by weapons which we have ourselves supplied!"

Moral.— *It is very bitter to find that we are the cause of our own misfortunes.*

### VI.—THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

1. A father had seven sons who were always quarreling with one another. As this distressed the father very much, he one day desired all of them to come to his chamber. He there laid before them seven sticks which were fastened together. "Now," said he, "I will give a hundred crowns to that one of you who can break this bundle of sticks asunder."

2. Each of them tried to the utmost of his strength, and each was obliged to confess that he could not break it. "And yet," said the father, "there is no difficulty about it." He then untied the bundle, and broke one stick after the other with the greatest ease. Then he said, "As it is with these sticks, my sons, so it is with you. As long as you hold together, you are a match for all your enemies; but if you quarrel and separate, it will happen to you as to these sticks which you see lying broken on the ground."

Moral.— *Union is strength.*

### VII.—THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A CHURLISH dog lay in a manger full of hay; and when a hungry ox came near, wishing to eat his food, the ill-natured cur began to snarl and bite at him. "What a selfish animal thou art!" said the ox; "thou canst not eat the hay thyself, nor wilt thou suffer others to partake of it."

MORAL. — *Selfishness is always despised.*

### VIII.—THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

A CERTAIN man had a goose which laid him a golden egg every day. But, not contented with this, the man thought that if he killed the goose he would be able to seize the treasure that was within her, and so become rich at once. So he laid the poor goose on his lap, and cut her up, but to his great disappointment he found nothing.

MORAL. — *Be content with the good things which you have.*

### IX.—THE FROG AND THE OX.

1. AS an ox was grazing in a marshy meadow, he happened to set his foot on a family of young frogs, and trod almost the whole of them to death. One, however, escaped, and, telling his mother of the sad fate of the rest of her family, he said, "And, mother, it was such a big beast! I never saw such a large one in my life."

2. "Was it as large as this?" said the old frog, blowing herself as much as possible. "Oh!" said the

little one, "a great deal bigger, mother." — "Well, was it as big as this?" and she puffed out her speckled skin still more. "O mother, it is no use, your trying to make yourself as big as it, for were you even to burst yourself you would not be near its size." The mother-frog was much annoyed at this remark: so she once more tried to increase her size, and she burst herself indeed.

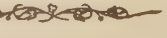
MORAL. — *Do not covet that which is beyond your reach.*

### X. — THE WIND AND THE SUN.

1. ONCE upon a time a dispute arose between the wind and the sun as to which of them was the stronger; and they agreed to test their powers upon a traveler, trying which should be the first to get his cloak off. The wind began, and blew with all his strength a cold biting blast, accompanied with a sharp driving shower; but the fiercer he blew, the tighter did the man clasp his cloak around him.

2. Next broke out the sun, dispersing the rain-clouds before him, and shining with bright and welcome rays. His warmth quickly drove off the effects of the wind; and, as he shone stronger and warmer, the traveler, overcome with heat, took off his cloak, and hung it upon his arm.

MORAL. — *Persuasion is better than force.*



## 18.—THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

1. THE sun was shining on the sea,
   Shining with all his might;
   He did his very best to make
   The billows smooth and bright:
   And this was odd, because it was
   The middle of the night.

2. The moon was shining sulkily,
   Because she thought the sun
   Had got no business to be there
   After the day was done:
   "It's very rude of him," she said,
   "To come, and spoil the fun!"

3. The sea was wet as wet could be,
   The sands were dry as dry.
   You could not see a cloud, because
   No cloud was in the sky:
   No birds were flying overhead—
   There were no birds to fly.

4. The Walrus and the Carpenter
   Were walking close at hand;
   They wept like any thing to see
   Such quantities of sand:
   "If this were only cleared away,"
   They said, "it *would* be grand!"

5. "If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

6. "O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech;
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We can not do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

7. The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:

The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head, —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

8. But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

9. Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more, —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

10. The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

11. "The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

12. "But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"

"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

13. "A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed:
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

14. "But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said:
"Do you admire the view?

15. "It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

16. "It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick!"

17. "I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

18. "O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

## 19.—CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

### PART I.

**a-wry'** [*a-rī'*], not straight.
**bro-cade'**, silk stuff wrought with gold and silver.
**on-deav'ored**, tried.
**liv'e-ry**, dress of a coachman.
**pre'vi-ous**, former.
**suf'fered**, bore.
**ti-ā'ra**, a head-dress.

THERE was once a worthy gentleman who took for his second wife the proudest and most disagreeable lady in the whole country. She had two daughters by a previous marriage, exactly like herself in all things. The gentleman also had one little girl, who resembled her dead mother, the best woman in all the world. Scarcely had the second marriage taken place, when the stepmother became jealous of the good qualities of the little girl, who was so great a contrast to her own two daughters. She gave her all the hard work of the house. She made her wash the floors and staircases, dust the bedrooms, and clean the grates. While her sisters occupied carpeted chambers, hung with mirrors in which they could see themselves from head to foot,

this poor little girl was sent to sleep in an attic, on an old straw mattress, with only one chair, and not a looking-glass in the room.

2. She suffered all in silence, not daring to complain to her father, who was entirely ruled by his new wife. When her daily work was done, she used to sit down in the chimney-corner among the ashes and cinders; and so the two sisters gave her the nickname of *Cinderella*. But Cinderella, however shabbily clad, was handsomer than they were, with all their fine clothes.

3. It happened that the king's son gave a number of balls. All the ladies and gentlemen of the city were asked, and among the rest the two elder sisters. They were very proud and happy, and spent their whole time in choosing what they should wear. This was a new trouble to Cinderella, who had to get up their fine linen and laces, and who never could please them, however much she endeavored to do so. They talked of nothing but their clothes.

4. "I," said the elder, "shall wear my velvet gown and my trimmings of English lace."

"And I," added the younger, "will have but my ordinary silk petticoat; but I shall adorn it with an upper skirt of flowered brocade, and shall put on my diamond tiara, which is a great deal finer than any thing of yours."

5. Here the elder sister grew angry, and the dispute began to run so high, that Cinderella, who was known to have excellent taste, was called upon to decide between them. She gave them the best advice she could, and gently and meekly offered to dress them herself, and especially to arrange their hair. The im-

portant evening came, and she used all her skill to adorn the two young ladies. While she was combing out the elder's hair, this ill-natured girl said sharply, "Cinderella, do you not wish you were going to the ball?"

6. "Ah, my lady" (they obliged her always to say "my lady"), "you are only mocking me. It is not my good luck to have any such pleasure."

"You are right: people would only laugh to see a little cinder-wench at a ball."

Any other than Cinderella would have dressed the hair all awry; but she was good, and dressed it perfectly even and smooth, and as prettily as she could.

7. The sisters had scarcely eaten for two days, and had broken a dozen stay-laces a day, in trying to make themselves slender; but to-night they broke a dozen more, and lost their tempers over and over again before they had completed their dressing. When at last the happy moment arrived, Cinderella followed them to the coach. After it had whirled them away, she sat down by the kitchen fire, and cried.

8. Immediately her godmother, who was a fairy, appeared beside her. "What are you crying for, my little maid?"

"Oh, I wish — I wish —" Her sobs stopped her.

"You wish to go to the ball, don't you?"

Cinderella nodded.

"Well, then, be a good girl, and you shall go. First run into the garden, and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find."

9. Cinderella did not see what this had to do with going to the ball, but, being obedient and obliging,

she went. Her godmother took the pumpkin, and, having scooped out all its inside, struck it with her wand. It became a splendid gilt coach, lined with rose-colored satin!

"Now bring me the mouse-trap out of the pantry, my dear."

Cinderella brought it. It contained six of the fattest, sleekest mice. The fairy lifted up the wire door, and as each mouse ran out she struck it and changed it

into a beautiful black horse.

"But what shall I do for your coachman, Cinderella?"

Cinderella suggested that she had seen a large black rat in the rat-trap, and he might do for want of better.

"You are right. Go and look again for him."

10. He was found; and the fairy made him into a most respectable coachman, with the finest whiskers imaginable. She afterwards took six lizards from behind the pumpkin-bed, and changed them into six footmen, all in splendid livery. They immediately jumped up behind the carriage, as if they had been footmen all their days. "Well, Cinderella, now you can go to the ball."

"What, in these clothes?" said Cinderella sadly, looking down at her ragged dress.

11. Her godmother laughed, and touched her also with the wand. At once her wretched threadbare jacket became stiff with gold, and sparkling with jewels, her woolen petticoat lengthened into a gown of sweeping satin, from underneath which peeped out her little feet, no longer bare, but covered with silk stockings and the prettiest glass slippers in the world. "Now, Cinderella, depart; but remember, if you stay one instant after midnight, your carriage will become a pumpkin, your coachman a rat, your horses mice, and your footmen lizards; while you yourself will be the little cinder-wench you were an hour ago."

Cinderella promised readily, her heart was so full of joy.

## 20.—CINDERELLA, OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

### Part II.

**a-dieu'** [*a-dū'*], farewell.
**al'cove**, a recess or part of a room.
**court'e-sy** [*kurt'e-sy*], politeness.
**es-cort'ed**, led.
**her'ald**, messenger.
**in-con-sōl'a-ble**, not to be consoled.
**in-dif'fer-ent-ly**, with no interest.
**in-vol'un-ta-ry**, natural.
**lin'sey**, cloth made of linen and wool.
**scanned**, examined carefully.
**mag-nif'i-cent**, very grand.

1. Cinderella arrived at the palace. The king's son, whom some one, probably the fairy godmother, had told to await the coming of an uninvited princess that nobody knew, was standing at the entrance, ready to receive her. He offered her his hand, and led her with the utmost courtesy through the assembled guests, who stood aside to let her pass, whispering to one another, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" It might have turned the head of any one but poor Cinderella, who was so used to be despised that she took it all as if it were something happening in a dream.

2. Her triumph was complete. Even the old king said to the queen, that never since her majesty's young days had he seen so charming and elegant a person. All the court ladies scanned her eagerly, clothes and all, determining to have theirs made next day of exactly the same pattern. The king's son himself led her out to dance, and she danced so gracefully that he admired her more and more. Indeed, at supper, which was fortunately early, his admiration quite took away his

appetite. Cinderella, with an involuntary shyness, sought out her sisters. She placed herself beside them, and offered them all sorts of civil attentions, which, coming as they supposed from a stranger, and so magnificent a lady, almost overwhelmed them with delight.

3. While she was talking with them she heard the clock strike a quarter to twelve; so, bidding a graceful adieu to the royal family, she re-entered her carriage, escorted tenderly by the king's son, and arrived safely at her own door. There she found her godmother, who smiled approval, and of whom she asked leave to go to a second ball, the following night, to which the queen had earnestly invited her.

While she was talking, the two sisters were heard knocking at the gate. The fairy godmother vanished, leaving Cinderella sitting in the chimney-corner, rubbing her eyes, and pretending to be very sleepy.

4. "Ah!" cried the eldest sister spitefully, "it has been the most delightful ball; and there was present the most beautiful princess I ever saw, and she was so exceedingly polite to us both."

"Was she?" said Cinderella indifferently; "and who might she be?"

"Nobody knows, though everybody would give their eyes to know, especially the king's son."

5. "Indeed!" replied Cinderella, a little more interested; "I should like to see her. Miss Javotte," — that was the elder sister's name, — "will you not let me go to-morrow, and lend me your yellow gown that you wear on Sundays?"

"What, lend my yellow gown to a cinder-wench! I am not so mad as that." Cinderella did not complain

at this refusal, for if her sister had lent her the gown she would have been puzzled what to do.

6. The next night came; and the two young ladies, richly dressed, went to the ball. Cinderella, more splendidly attired and more beautiful than ever, followed them shortly after. "Now, remember twelve o'clock," was her godmother's parting speech; and she thought she certainly should. But the prince's attentions to her were greater even than the first evening; and, in the

delight of listening to his pleasant conversation, time slipped by unnoticed. While she was sitting beside him in a lovely alcove, she heard a clock strike the first stroke of twelve. She started up, and fled away as lightly as a deer.

7. Amazed, the prince followed, but could not catch her. Indeed he missed his lovely princess altogether, and only saw running out of the palace-doors a little dirty girl, whom he had never beheld before, and of whom he certainly would never have taken the least notice. Cinderella arrived at home breathless and weary, ragged and cold, without carriage, or footman, or coachman. All that was left of her past magnificence was one of her little glass slippers. The other she had dropped in the ball-room as she ran away.

8. When the two sisters returned they were full of this strange adventure: how the beautiful lady had appeared at the ball more beautiful than ever, and enchanted every one who looked at her; how, as the clock was striking twelve, she had suddenly risen up and fled through the ball-room, disappearing, no one knew how or where, and dropping one of her glass slippers behind her in her flight; how the king's son had remained inconsolable until he chanced to pick up the little glass slipper, which he carried away in his pocket, and was seen to take out continually, and look at affectionately. In fact, all the court and royal family were convinced that he was deeply in love with the wearer of the little glass slipper.

9. Cinderella listened in silence, turning her face to the kitchen fire. Perhaps it was that which made her look so rosy; but nobody ever noticed or admired her

at home, so it did not signify, and next morning she went to her weary work again just as before.

10. A few days after, the whole city was attracted by the sight of the prince, preceded by a herald, who went about with a little glass slipper in his hand, proclaiming that the king's son ordered this to be fitted on the foot of every lady in the kingdom, and that he wished to marry the lady whom it fitted best, or to whom it and the fellow-slipper belonged. Princesses, duchesses, countesses, and gentlewomen, all tried it on; but, being a fairy slipper, it fitted nobody. Besides, nobody could produce its fellow-slipper, which lay all the time safely in the pocket of Cinderella's old linsey gown.

11. At last the herald and the prince came to the house of the two sisters. They well knew that neither of themselves was the beautiful lady. Still they made every attempt to get their clumsy feet into the glass slipper; but in vain.

12. "Let me try it on," said Cinderella, from the chimney-corner.

"What, you?" cried the others, bursting into shouts of laughter; but Cinderella only smiled, and held out her hand. But her sisters could not prevent her, since the command was that every young maiden in the city should try on the slipper, in order that no chance might be left untried. For the prince was nearly breaking his heart; and his father and mother were afraid that, though a prince, he would actually die for love of the beautiful unknown lady.

13. So the herald bade Cinderella sit down on a three-legged stool in the kitchen, and himself put the slipper

on her pretty little foot, which it fitted exactly. She then drew from her pocket the fellow-slipper, which she also put on, and stood up — for with the touch of the magic shoes all her dress was changed likewise — no longer the poor cinder-wench, but the beautiful lady whom the king's son loved.

14. Her sisters recognized her at once. Filled with astonishment and alarm, they threw themselves at her feet, begging her pardon for all their former unkindness. She raised and embraced them, telling them she forgave them with all her heart, and only hoped they would love her always. Then she departed with the herald to the king's palace, and told her whole story to his majesty and the royal family, who were not in the least surprised, for everybody believed in fairies, and everybody longed to have a fairy godmother.

15. As for the young prince, he thought her more lovely and lovable than ever, and insisted upon marrying her immediately. Cinderella never went home again; but she sent for her two sisters to the palace, and with the consent of all parties married them shortly after to two rich gentlemen of the court.

## 21. – TRUST.

A PICTURE memory brings to me:
I look across the years, and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read His works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath His hand:
That pain itself for good was planned,
I trust, but can not understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be,
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love!

## 22.—THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

1. THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

2. Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

3. From sheds new-roofed with Carrara[1]
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

4. I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,

[1] *Carrara*, a place in Italy from which beautiful white marble is brought. Here used to denote white snow.

And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

5. I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn [1]
Where a little headstone stood, —
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

6. Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

7. Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

8. I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud, like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

9. And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

10. Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

[1] *Auburn* (Mount), a cemetery in Cambridge, Mass.

## 23. — SIX CHILDREN CAN NOT SUPPORT ONE FATHER.

**as-sent'ed**, agreed.
**main-tain'**, support.
**re-marked'**, noticed.
**ver'i-fied**, proved true.

1. Too often is the common proverb verified, that a father can more easily maintain six children than six children one father. There is an example recorded of a father who gave up every thing to his children, — his house, yard, fields, and goods, — and expected that for that his children would support him.

2. After he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there where your arm-chair stands the cradle must come: will you not please go to my brother who has a larger room?"

3. After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won't you go to my brother the baker?" The father went, and, after he had been some time with the third son, he had also found him troublesome, and said to him, "Father, the people run in and out here all day as if it were a pigeon-house, and you can not have your noon-day sleep: would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town-wall?"

4. The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself, "Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts." But, after he had spent some time with his daughter,

she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs; and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground-floor.

5. For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time she too was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the sexton's wife, at St. John's, had a much dryer lodging.

6. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But, after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." This speech broke the old man's heart, so that he sank back in his chair, and died. Then St. John took him home, and was much kinder to him than his six children; for he leaves him from that time to sleep undisturbed in his chamber.

## 24.—PAST AND PRESENT.

1. I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:

He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

2. I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birthday:
The tree is living yet!

3. I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers there,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

4. I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

## 25.—LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES.

### Part I.

**be-tray'**, to tell, to disclose.
**de-li'cious** [*de-lish'us*], agreeable.
**en-dūre'**, to bear with patience.
**hil'lock**, a little hill.
**tor-ment'ed**, vexed.
**ut'tered** [*ut'terd*], spoken.

1. There was a woman who had three daughters. The eldest was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye, and that was in the middle of her forehead; the second, Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people; and the youngest, Little Three Eyes,

because she had three eyes, one of them being also in the middle of the forehead. But, because Little Two Eyes looked no different from other people, her sisters and mother could not endure her. They said, "You with your two eyes are no better than anybody else; you do not belong to us." They knocked her about, and gave her shabby clothes, and food which was left over from their own meals; in short, they tormented her whenever they could.

2. It happened that Little Two Eyes had to go out into the fields to look after the goat; but she was quite hungry, because her sisters had given her so little to eat. She sat down on a hillock, and began to cry, and cried so much that two little streams ran down out of each eye. And as she looked up once in her sorrow, a woman stood near her, who asked, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

3. Little Two Eyes answered, "Have I not need to cry? Because I have two eyes, like other people, my sisters and my mother can not bear me. They push me out of one corner into the other, give me shabby clothes, and nothing to eat but what they leave. To-day they have given me so little that I am still quite hungry."

4. The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, dry your tears, and I will tell you something which will keep you from ever again being hungry. Only say to your goat, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' and a neatly-laid table will stand before you with the most delicious food on it, so that you can eat as much as you like. And when you are satisfied, and do not want the table any more, only say, 'Little goat, bleat; little table,

away,' and it will disappear before your eyes." Then the wise woman went out of sight.

5. Little Two Eyes thought, "I must try directly if it is true, what she has said, for I am much too hungry to wait." So she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise;" and scarcely had she uttered the words, when there stood before her a little table, covered with a white cloth, on which were laid a plate, knife and fork, and a silver spoon. The most delicious food was there also, and smoking hot, as if just come from the kitchen. Little Two Eyes said the shortest grace that she knew,—"Lord, be our guest at all times. Amen,"—and then began to eat the food, which she found very good. When she had had enough, she said, as the wise woman had taught her, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away." In an instant the little table, and all that stood on it, had disappeared again. "That is a beautiful, easy way of housekeeping," thought Little Two Eyes, and was quite happy and merry.

6. In the evening, when she came home with her goat, she found a little earthen dish with food, which her sisters had put aside for her; but she did not touch any thing—she had no need. On the next day she went out again with her goat, and let the few crusts that were given her remain uneaten. The first time and the second time, the sisters took no notice; but, when the same thing happened every day, they remarked it, and said, "All is not right with Little Two Eyes: she always leaves her food, and she used formerly to eat up every thing that was given her. She must have found other ways of dining."

7. In order to discover the truth, they resolved that

Little One Eye should go with Little Two Eyes when she drove the goat into the meadow, and see what she did there, and whether anybody brought her any thing to eat and drink. So when Little Two Eyes set out again, Little One Eye came to her, and said, "I will go with you into the field, and see that the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture."

8. But Little Two Eyes saw what Little One Eye had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, saying, "Come, Little One Eye, we will sit down; I will sing you something." Little One Eye sat down, being tired from the unusual walk and from the heat of the sun; and Little Two Eyes kept on singing, "Are you awake, Little One Eye? Are you asleep, Little One Eye?" Then Little One Eye shut her one eye, and fell asleep. When Little Two Eyes saw that Little One Eye was fast asleep, and could not betray any thing, she said, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," and sat herself at her table, and ate and drank till she was satisfied; then she called out again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away," and instantly every thing disappeared.

9. Little Two Eyes now woke Little One Eye, and said, "Little One Eye, you pretend to watch, and fall asleep over it, and in the mean time the goat could have run all over the world: come, we will go home." Then they went home, and Little Two Eyes let her dish again stand untouched; and Little One Eye, who could not tell the mother why her sister would not eat, said, as an excuse, "Oh, I fell asleep out there."

## 26.—LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES.

### Part II.

**dis-ap-peared'**, went out of sight, vanished.
**en'vi-ous**, feeling envy, jealous.
**fa-tigued'** [*fa-teegd'*], tired.
**im-pa'tient** [*im-pā'shent*], out of patience.
**pros'per**, succeed.
**suf'fer**, bear, put up with.

1. The next day the mother said to Little Three Eyes, "This time you shall go and see if Little Two Eyes eats out of doors, and if any one brings her food and drink; for she must eat and drink secretly." So Little Three Eyes went to Little Two Eyes, and said, "I will go with you, and see whether the goat is taken proper care of, and driven to good pasture." But Little Two Eyes saw what Little Three Eyes had in her mind, and drove the goat into long grass, and said as before, "We will sit down here, Little Three Eyes; I will sing you something."

2. Little Three Eyes seated herself, being fatigued from the walk and the heat of the sun; and Little Two Eyes began the same song again, and sang, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?" But instead of singing then as she should, "Are you asleep, Little *Three* Eyes?" she sang, through carelessness, "Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" and went on singing, "Are you awake, Little Three Eyes? Are you asleep, Little *Two* Eyes?" So the two eyes of Little Three Eyes fell asleep, but the third did not go to sleep, because it was not spoken to by the verse.

3. Little Three Eyes, to be sure, shut it, and made believe to go to sleep, but only through slyness; for she winked with it, and could see every thing quite well. And when Little Two Eyes thought that Little Three Eyes was fast asleep, she said her little sentence, "Little goat, bleat; little table, rise," ate and drank heartily, and then told the little table to go away again, "Little goat, bleat; little table, away."

4. But Little Three Eyes had seen every thing. Then Little Two Eyes came to her, woke her, and said, "Ah! Little Three Eyes, have you been asleep? you keep watch well! come, we will go home." And when they got home, Little Two Eyes again did not eat, and Little Three Eyes said to the mother, "I know why the proud thing does not eat: when she says to the goat out there, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, rise,' there stands before her a table, covered with the very best food, much better than we have here; and when she is satisfied, she says, 'Little goat, bleat; little table, away,' and every thing is gone again. I have seen it all. She put two of my eyes to sleep with her little verse, but the one on my forehead luckily remained awake."

5. Then the envious mother cried out, "Shall she be better off than we are? No, indeed." So she took a butcher's knife, and stuck it into the goat's heart, so that it fell down dead. When Little Two Eyes saw that, she went out full of grief, seated herself on a hillock, and wept bitter tears. All at once the wise woman stood near her again, and said, "Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

"Shall I not cry?" answered she. "The goat who every day, when I said your little verse, laid the table

so beautifully, has been killed by my mother. Now I must suffer hunger and thirst again."

6. The wise woman said, "Little Two Eyes, I will give you some good advice: beg your sisters to give you the heart of the goat, and bury it in the ground before the house-door, and it will turn out lucky for you." Then she disappeared, and Little Two Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, "Dear sisters, give me some part of my goat; I don't ask for any thing good, only give me the heart."

Then they laughed and said, "You can have that, if you do not want any thing else." Little Two Eyes took the heart, and in the evening buried it quietly before the house-door.

7. Next morning, when the sisters woke, and went to the house-door together, there stood a most wonderfully splendid tree, with leaves of silver, and fruit of gold hanging between them. Nothing more beautiful or charming could be seen in the wide world. But they did not know how the tree had come there in the night. Little Two Eyes alone noticed that it had grown out of the heart of the goat, for the tree stood just where she had buried the heart in the ground.

8. Then the mother said to Little One Eye, "Climb up, my child, and gather us some fruit from the tree."

Little One Eye climbed up; but when she wanted to seize a golden apple, the branch sprang out of her hand every time, so that she could not gather a single apple, though she tried as much as she could.

9. Then the mother said, "Little Three Eyes, do you climb up; you can see better about you with your three eyes than Little One Eye can."

Little One Eye scrambled down, and Little Three Eyes climbed up. But Little Three Eyes was no

cleverer, and might look about her as much as she liked — the golden apples always sprang back from her grasp. At last the mother became impatient, and

climbed up herself, but could touch the fruit just as little as Little One Eye or Little Three Eyes: she always grasped the empty air.

10. Then Little Two Eyes said, "I will go up myself: perhaps I shall prosper better."

"You!" cried the sisters. "With your two eyes, what can you do?"

11. But Little Two Eyes climbed up, and the golden apples did not spring away from her, but dropped of themselves into her hand, so that she could gather one after the other, and brought down a whole apron-full. Her mother took them from her; and her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, instead of behaving better to poor Little Two Eyes, were only envious because she alone could get the fruit, and behaved still more cruelly to her.

## 27.—LITTLE ONE EYE, LITTLE TWO EYES, AND LITTLE THREE EYES.

### Part III.

**alms** [*ahmz*], charity.
**as-ton'ished** [*-isht*], filled with wonder.
**cas'tle** [*kas'l*], house of a nobleman.
**cel'e-brā-ted,** performed with ceremonies.
**de-sired'** [*-zīrd'*], wished.
**knight** [*nit*], one whom the king has given the right to be called by the title of *Sir*.
**pa-ter'nal,** belonging to a father.
**rec'og-nized** [*-nīzd*], knew.

1. It happened, as they stood together by the tree, one day, that a young knight came by.

"Quick, Little Two Eyes!" cried the two sisters "creep under, so that we may not be ashamed of

you." Then they hurriedly threw over poor Little Two Eyes an empty cask that stood just by the tree, and pushed also beside her the golden apples which she had broken off.

2. Now, as the knight came nearer, he proved to be a handsome prince. He stood still, admired the beautiful tree of gold and silver, and said to the two sisters, —

"To whom does this beautiful tree belong? She who gives me a branch of it shall have whatever she wishes."

Then Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that the tree was theirs, and they would break off a branch for him. They both of them gave themselves a great deal of trouble, but it was no use, for the branches and fruit sprang back from them every time.

3. Then the knight said, —

"It is very wonderful that the tree belongs to you, and yet you have not the power of gathering any thing from it."

They insisted, however, that the tree was their own property. But as they spoke, Little Two Eyes rolled a few golden apples from under the cask, so that they ran to the feet of the knight; for Little Two Eyes was angry that Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes did not tell the truth.

4. When the knight saw the apples, he was astonished, and asked where they came from. Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes answered that they had another sister, who might not, however, show herself, because she had only two eyes, like other common people. But the knight desired to see her, and called out, "Little Two Eyes, come out." Then Little Two Eyes came out of the cask quite comforted, and the

knight was astonished at her great beauty, and said, —

"You, Little Two Eyes, can certainly gather me a branch from the tree?"

5. "Yes," answered Little Two Eyes, "I can do that, for the tree belongs to me." And she climbed up, and

easily broke off a branch, with its silver leaves and golden fruit, and handed it to the knight.

Then the knight said, "Little Two Eyes, what shall I give you for it?"

"Oh!" answered Little Two Eyes, "I suffer hunger and thirst, sorrow and want, from early morning till late evening. If you would take me with you, and free me, I should be happy."

6. Then the knight lifted Little Two Eyes on to his horse, and took her home to his paternal castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, food and drink as much as she wanted, and because he loved her so much he married her, and the marriage was celebrated with great joy.

7. Now, when Little Two Eyes was taken away by the handsome knight, the two sisters envied her very much her happiness. "The wonderful tree remains for us still," thought they; "and even though we can not gather any fruit from it, every one will stand still before it, come to us, and praise it." But the next morning the tree had disappeared, and all their hopes with it.

8. Little Two Eyes lived happy a long time. Once two poor women came to her at the castle, and begged alms. Then Little Two Eyes looked in their faces, and recognized her sisters, Little One Eye and Little Three Eyes, who had fallen into such poverty that they had to wander about, and seek their bread from door to door. Little Two Eyes, however, bade them welcome, and was very good to them, and took care of them; for they both repented from their hearts the evil they had done to their sister in their youth.

## 28.—JOHN GILPIN.

1. JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke [1] was he
Of famous London town.

[1] *eke*, also.

2. John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

3. "To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the 'Bell'[1] at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

4. My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise: so you must ride
On horseback after we."

5. He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

6. "I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calender[2]
Will lend his horse to go."

7. Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

[1] the 'Bell,' an inn.

[2] *calender*, one who calenders, or presses, linen or woolen stuffs, paper, etc.

8. John Gilpin kissed his loving wife:
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

9. The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

10. So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in, —
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

11. Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside [1] were mad.

12. John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

13. For saddle-tree [2] scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

[1] *Cheapside*, a street in London.

[2] *saddle-tree*, literally the frame of a saddle, and here equivalent to saddle.

14. So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

15. 'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty, screaming, came down-stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

16. "Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

17. Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

18. Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

19. Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

20. Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,

Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

21. But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

22. "So! fair and softly," John he cried;
But John he cried in vain:
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

23. So stooping down, as needs he must
Who can not sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

24. His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

25. Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig:
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.[1]

26. The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

[1] *rig*, frolic.

27. Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung, —
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

28. The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

29. Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

30. And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

31. And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

32. Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

33. But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;

For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

34. Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash [1]
Of Edmonton so gay;

35. And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

36. At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

37. "Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,"
They all aloud did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I."

38. But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

39. So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

[1] *Wash*, a brook.

40. Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

41. The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him: —

42. "What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall:
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

43. Now, Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke: —

44. "I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,[1]
My hat and wig will soon be here —
They are upon the road."

45. The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

46. Whence straight he came with hat and wig, —
A wig that flowed behind,

[1] *forebode*, predict.

A hat not much the worse for wear, —
Each comely in its kind.

47. He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

48. "But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

49. Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

50. So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for *your* pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for *mine*."

51. Ah, luckless speech and bootless [1] boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

52. Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

[1] *bootless*, useless.

53. Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why? they were too big.

54. Now, Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

55. And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the "Bell,"
"This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

56. The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;[1]
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

57. But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

58. Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

59. Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly

[1] *amain*, with full force.

With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry: —

60. "Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

61. And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

62. And so he did; and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

63. Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

## 29. — THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR.

**com-mod'i-ties,** goods.
**fab'u-lous,** like a fable.
**in'do-lent,** idle.
**in-cli-na'tion,** wish.
**mir-ac'u-lous,** wonderfully large.
**mon'strous,** huge.
**pos'ture,** position.
**prec'i-pic-es,** steep places.
**pro-dig'ious** [*-did'jus*], huge.
**suf-ficed'** [*-fīzd'*], was enough.
**tur'ban,** a head-dress.
**up-braid'ed,** scolded.

1. AFTER my first voyage, I designed to spend the rest of my days at Bagdad; but it was not long ere I grew weary of an indolent life, and I put to sea a sec-

ond time, with merchants of known honor. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit.

2. One day we landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but we could see neither man nor beast. We walked in the meadows, along the streams that watered them. Whilst some diverted themselves with gathering flowers and fruits, I took my wine and provisions, and sat down near a stream betwixt two high trees, which formed a thick shade. I made a good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. How long I slept I can not tell, but when I awoke I perceived the ship under sail at such a distance that I soon lost sight of her.

3. In this sad condition I was ready to die with grief. I cried out in agony, beat my head and breast, and threw myself upon the ground, where I lay some time in despair. I upbraided myself a hundred times for not being content with the produce of my first voyage, which might have sufficed me all my life. But all this was in vain, and my repentance came too late. At last I resigned myself to the will of God. Not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a lofty tree, in order that by an extensive view I might the better judge of my situation.

4. When I gazed towards the sea I could see nothing but sky and water; but, looking over the land, I beheld something white, and, coming down, I took what provision I had left, and went towards it, the distance being so great that I could not distinguish what it was. As I approached, I thought it to be a white dome, of a prodigious height and extent; and when I came up

to it I touched it, and found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not, and that there was no climbing up to the top, as it was so smooth. It was at least fifty paces round.

5. By this time the sun was about to set, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more so when I found it caused by a bird of monstrous size, which came flying towards me. I remembered that I had often heard mariners speak of a miraculous bird called the roc, and thought that the great dome which I so much admired must be its egg.

6. At length the bird alighted, and sat over the egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with my turban, in the hope that the roc next morning would carry me with her out of this desert island. After having passed the night in this condition, the bird flew away as soon as it was daylight, and carried me so high that I could not discern the earth. She afterwards descended with so much rapidity that I lost my senses. But, when I found myself on the ground, I speedily untied the knot, and had scarcely done so, when the roc, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

7. The place where I was left was a deep valley, surrounded on all sides with precipices so steep that it was impossible to climb them. This was a new per-

plexity; so that, when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

8. As I walked through the valley I perceived that it was strewed with diamonds, some of which were of surprising size. I took pleasure in examining them, but presently saw objects which at once put an end to all my agreeable ideas, and terrified me exceedingly. These were a great number of serpents, so monstrous that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from their enemy the roc, and came out only in the night.

9. I spent the day walking about in the valley, resting myself at times in such places as I thought most convenient. When night came I went into a cave where I thought I might repose in safety. I secured the entrance, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents, but not so far as to exclude the light. I supped on part of my provisions; but the serpents, which began hissing around me, put me in such extreme fear that I did not sleep. When day appeared the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling. I can truly say that I walked upon diamonds without feeling any inclination to touch them. At last I sat down, and, after having eaten a little more of my provisions, fell asleep. But I had scarcely shut my eyes when I was awakened by something falling close to me with a great noise. This was a large piece of raw meat, and at the same time I saw several others fall from the rocks in different places.

10. I had always regarded as fabulous the stories told of the valley of diamonds, and of the stratagems employed by merchants to obtain jewels there; but now I found that they had stated nothing but the truth. For the fact is, that the merchants come to the neighborhood of this valley when the eagles have young ones, and, throwing great joints of meat into the valley, the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them. Then the eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon the pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests on the precipices to feed their young. The merchants at this time run to the nests, disturb and drive off the eagles by their shouts, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat.

11. I perceived in all this the means of my deliverance. Having collected together the largest diamonds I could find, and put them into my provision bag and secured it to my girdle, I took the largest of the pieces of meat, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself upon the ground, with my face downwards.

12. I had scarcely placed myself in this posture when one of the eagles, having taken me up with the piece of meat to which I was fastened, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain. The merchants immediately began shouting to frighten the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was much alarmed when he saw me, but, recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came thither, began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods.

13. "You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not be uneasy; I have diamonds enough for you and myself, more than all the other merchants together. Whatever they have, they owe to chance; but I selected for myself, in the bottom of the valley, those which you see in this bag."

14. I had scarcely done speaking when the other merchants came crowding about us, much astonished to see me; but they were still more surprised when I told them my story. They led me to their encampment, and there, having opened my bag, they were surprised at the largeness of my diamonds, and confessed that they had never seen any of such size and perfection. I prayed the merchant who claimed the nest to which I had been carried to take as many as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that the least; and when I pressed him to take more without fear of doing me any injury, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages, and will bring me as great a fortune as I desire."

15. We parted, perfectly satisfied with each other, and I returned by the first ship to Bagdad. Here I gave large presents to the poor, and lived honorably upon the vast riches I had gained with so much danger.

## 30. — THE TWO ANCHORS.

1. It was a gallant sailor man,
Had just come home from sea,
And, as I passed him in the town,
He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man, —
Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered, sailor-like,
"Avast!"[1] to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day, —
His ship was then in sight, —
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

2. I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka[2] girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

3. "I heard last night that you were in:
I walked the wharves to-day,

[1] *avast*, stop, stay.

[2] *Kanaka*, belonging to the Sandwich Islands.

But saw no ship that looked like yours.
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.

You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night, —
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.' "

4. "But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said.
"Go on, go on: I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was open wide,
And at the door the dearest face,—
A dearer one inside.
He hugged his wife and child; he sang,—
His spirits were so light,—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

5. 'Twas supper-time, and we sat down,—
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I: he looked at them,
And looked at me, and smiled.
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam,
And, though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see, in dreams at night,
This little anchor on my left,
This great one on my right."

## 31. — THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS: A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

**ad'mi-ra-ble**, wonderful.
**can'di-dates**, persons seeking some office or privilege.
**ca-price'** [*ka-prees'*], whim, freak.
**com-posed'** [*-pōzd*], calm.
**court'iers** [*kōrt'yers*], persons who attend the courts of princes.
**cu'bit**, a measure of length, — from the elbow to the end of middle finger.
**de-vice'**, contrivance, stratagem.
**gran'a-ry**, a storehouse of grain.
**proc'la-mā-tion**, announcement.
**stip-u-la'tions**, bargainings.

1. THERE was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; and yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain: the more he heard, the more he wanted to hear.

2. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last for ever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, and should fail (that is, if the story did come to an end), he was to have his head chopped off.

3. For such a prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories most of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure. But all in vain: sooner or later they all came to an end; and one after another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

4. At last came a man who said he had a story which

would last for ever, if his majesty would be pleased to give him a trial. He was warned of his danger, and told how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story: —

5. "O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant. And, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the wheat and other grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain. This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

6. But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a *very* small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So *one* locust went in, and carried off *one* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn — "

7. He had gone on thus from morning till night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a

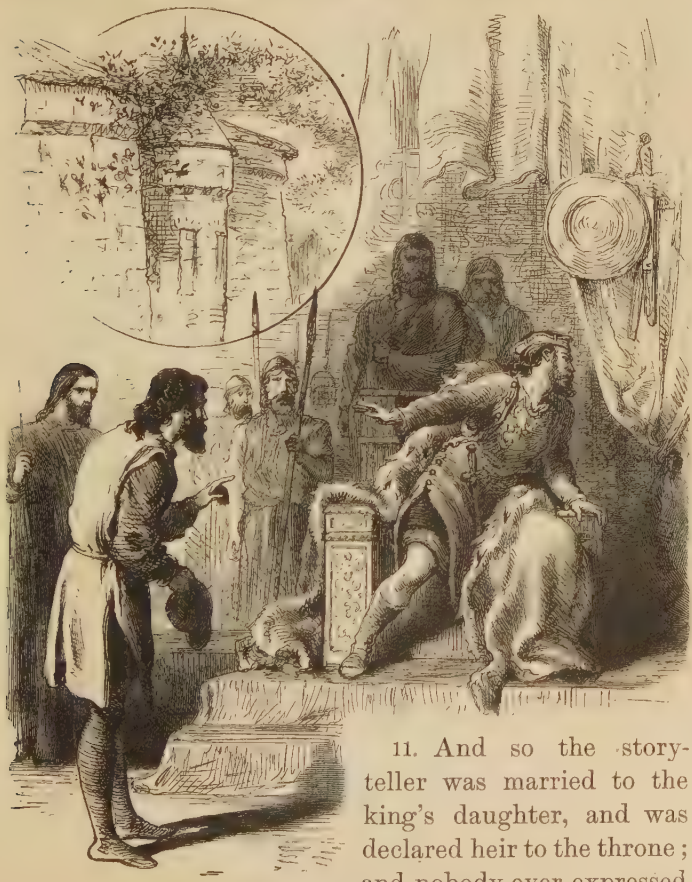
month, when the king, though a very patient king, began to be rather tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts. We will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately, "If it please your majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first."

8. And so he went on again: "And then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn." The king listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him: "O friend, I am weary of your locusts! How soon do you think they will have done?"

9. To which the story-teller made answer: "O king, who can tell? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides. But let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

10. Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another year, the story-teller going on as before: "And then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in, and carried off *another* grain off corn;" till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out, "O man, that is enough! Take my daughter! take my king-

dom! take any thing — take every thing! only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts!"




11. And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The caprice of the king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

## 32.—GEORGE NIDIVER.

1. MEN have done brave deeds,
   And bards have sung them well:
   I of good George Nidiver
   Now the tale will tell.

2. In Californian mountains
   A hunter bold was he:
   Keen his eye and sure his aim
   As any you should see.

3. A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

4. And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

5. One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their weary way they keep,

6. They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares
Right down the narrow dell.

7. The boy turned round with screams
And ran with terror wild;
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

8. The hunter raised his gun;
He knew one charge was all:
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

9. The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace:

The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

10. I say *unarmed* he stood:
Against those frightful paws
The rifle-butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

11. George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face;
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

12. Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high;
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

13. The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way:
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

14. What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell;
What thoughts were in George Nidiver
I rather guess than tell.

15. But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.

## 33.—STORY OF THE NOSES.

**ad-vent'ūre,** bold undertaking.
**con-di'tion** [*kon-dish'un*], terms of a bargain or agreement.
**e-nor'mous,** huge, very large.
**for'feit** [*for'fit*], fine or penalty.
**plaint'ive,** gently sad.
**raft'ers,** roof-timbers.
**re-deem',** buy back.
**tiles,** plates of baked clay for covering roofs.
**un-gain'ly,** clumsy, awkward.
**whim'si-cal,** having odd fancies.

1. At Dewitz, in the neighborhood of Prague, once lived a rich and whimsical old farmer, who had a beautiful daughter. The students of Prague often walked in the direction of Dewitz, and more than one of them offered to follow the plow in hopes of becoming the son-in-law of the farmer.

2. The first thing the cunning peasant said to each new servant was this: "I engage you for a year, that is, till the cuckoo sings the return of spring; but if, from now till then, you say once that you are not satisfied, I will cut off the end of your nose. If I say I am not satisfied, you may cut off mine," he added, laughing. And he did as he said. Prague was full of students with the ends of their noses glued on.

3. A young man by the name of Coranda, somewhat ungainly in manner, but cool and cunning, took it into his head to try the adventure. The farmer received him with his usual good-nature, and, when the bargain was made, sent him to the field to work. At breakfast-time the other servants were called, but good care was taken to forget Coranda. At dinner it was the same. Coranda gave himself no trouble about it. He went to the house, and, while the farmer's wife was

feeding the chickens, he unhooked an enormous ham from the kitchen rafters, took a huge loaf from the cupboard, and went back to the fields to dine and take a nap.

"Are you satisfied?" cried the farmer, when he returned at night.

"Perfectly satisfied," said Coranda: "I have dined better than you have."

4. Just then the farmer's wife came rushing in, crying that her ham was gone. Coranda laughed, and the farmer turned pale.

"Are you not satisfied?" asked Coranda.

"A ham is only a ham," answered his master. "Such a trifle does not trouble me." But after that time he took good care not to leave the student fasting.

5. Sunday came. The farmer and his wife seated themselves in the wagon to go to church, saying to Coranda, "It is your business to cook the dinner. Cut up the piece of meat you see yonder, with onions, carrots, leeks, and *parsley*, and boil them all together in the great pot over the kitchen-fire."

"Very well," answered Coranda.

6. Now, there was a little pet dog at the farmhouse by the name of *Parsley*. Coranda killed him, skinned him, cut him up with the meat and vegetables, and put the whole to boil over the kitchen-fire. When the farmer's wife returned, she called her favorite; but, alas! she saw nothing but a bloody skin hanging by the window.

7. "What have you done?" said she to Coranda.

"What you ordered me to do, mistress. I have boiled the meat, onions, carrots, leeks, and Parsley all together."

"Wicked wretch!" cried the farmer, "had you the heart to kill the innocent creature that was the joy of the house?"

8. "Are you not satisfied?" said Coranda, taking his knife from his pocket.

"I did not say that I was not," replied the farmer. "A dead dog is nothing but a dead dog." But he sighed.

9. A few days after, the farmer and his wife went to market. Fearing their terrible servant, they told him to stay at home, and do exactly what he saw the others do.

"Very well," said Coranda good-humoredly.

10. In the yard there was an old shed, the roof of which was falling to pieces. The carpenters came to repair it, and began, of course, by tearing down the roof. Coranda took a ladder, and mounted the roof of

the house, which was quite new. Shingles, lath, nails, and tiles, — he tore off every thing, and scattered them all to the winds. When the farmer returned, the house was open to the sky.

11. "Villain!" said he, "what new trick have you played me?"

"I have obeyed you, master," answered Coranda. "You told me to do exactly what I saw others do. Are you not satisfied?" And he took out his knife.

"Satisfied!" returned the farmer; "why should I not be satisfied? A few shingles more or less will not ruin me." But he sighed.

12. When night came, the farmer and his wife said to each other that it was high time to get rid of this fiend of a servant. Like most sensible people, they never did any thing without consulting their daughter; for in Bohemia it is always supposed that children are brighter than their parents.

"Father," said the daughter Helen, "I will hide in the great pear-tree early in the morning, and call like a cuckoo. You can tell Coranda that the year is up, since the cuckoo is singing. Then pay him, and send him away."

13. Early in the morning the plaintive cry of the cuckoo was heard through the fields. The farmer seemed surprised. "Well, my boy, spring is come," said he. "Do you hear the cuckoo singing yonder? I will pay you, and we will part good friends."

"A cuckoo!" said Coranda; "that is a bird which I have always wanted to see." So he ran to the tree, and shook it with all his might, when behold! down from the branches fell a young girl, fortunately more frightened than hurt.

14. "Villain!" cried the farmer.

"Are you not satisfied?" said Coranda, opening his knife.

"Wretch! you kill my daughter, and you think that I ought to be satisfied! I am furious. Begone, if you would not die by my hand!

"I will go when I have cut off your nose," said Coranda. "I have kept my word: do you keep yours."

15. "Stop!" cried the farmer, putting his hand before his face: "you will surely let me redeem my nose?"

Coranda answered that that would depend on what the farmer offered. Then the farmer offered ten sheep for his nose; but Coranda said no. Then the farmer offered ten cows; but Coranda declared he would rather cut off the farmer's nose. And he sharpened his knife on the door-step.

16. "Father," said Helen, "the fault was mine, and I must pay the forfeit. Coranda, will you take my hand instead of my father's nose?"

"With all my heart," replied Coranda.

"I make one condition," said the young girl. "The first of us that is not satisfied after marriage shall have his nose cut off by the other."

"Good," replied Coranda. "I would rather it was the tongue; but that will come next."

17. Never was a finer wedding seen at Prague, and never was there a happier household. Coranda and the beautiful Helen were a model pair. The husband and wife were never heard to complain of each other; and, thanks to their ingenious bargain, they kept for long years both their love and their noses.

## 34. — INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

1. You know we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoléon
Stood on our storming day,
With neck out-thrust, — you fancy how, —
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone [1] brow
Oppressive with its mind.

2. Just as, perhaps, he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes [2]
Waver at yonder wall,"—

[1] *prone*, bent forward. [2] *Lannes*, pronounce *lanz*.

Out 'twixt the battery smoke there flew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping, nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

3 Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

4. "Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans [1]
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed, his plans
Soared up again like fire.

5. The chief's eye flashed, but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes [2]
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes.
"You're wounded!" — "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

[1] *vans*, wings. [2] *sheathes*, covers.

## 35.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

### Part I.

**be-quēath′,** to leave by will.
**bur′nished,** shining, polished.
**dĭ-mĭn′u-tĭve,** small, insignificant.
**in-clĭ′nā-tion,** wish, desire.
**in-ter-cept′ed,** cut off.
**in-vol′un-tā-ri-ly,** in spite of one's self.
**lus′troŭs,** bright, shining.
**pre-sent′i-ment,** forewarning.
**re-gard′ed,** gazed upon.

1. Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

2. This King Midas was fonder of gold than of any thing else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved any thing better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the immensest pile of yellow, glistening coin, that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

3. Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be

squeezed safely into his strong-box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Poh, poh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

4. At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole — for it was little better than a dungeon — Midas betook himself, whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

5. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help.

6. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!" But it was laughable to see how the image of his face kept grinning at him, out of the polished surface of the

cup. It seemed to be aware of his foolish behavior, and to have a naughty inclination to make fun of him.

7. Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet quite so happy as he might be. The very tiptop of enjoyment would never be reached, unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

8. Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are, that in the old, old times, when King Midas was alive, a great many things came to pass, which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place nowadays, which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the strangest of the two; but, however that may be, I must go on with my story.

9. Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room, one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face.

10. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over every thing, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden radiance in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter

gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

11. As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. It is no matter about telling you who he was. In those days, when the earth was comparatively a new affair, it was supposed to be often the resort of beings endowed with supernatural power, and who used to interest themselves in the joys and sorrows of men, women, and children, half playfully and half seriously.

12. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

13. The stranger gazed about the room; and, when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

14. "I have done pretty well, — pretty well," answered Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken

me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

15. Midas paused and meditated. He felt a presentiment that this stranger, with such a golden

luster in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

16. "Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive, after I have done my best. I wish every thing that I touch to be changed to gold!"

17. The stranger's smile grew so very broad, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves — for so looked the lumps and particles of gold — lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a conception. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

18. "How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

19. The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

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## 36.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

### Part II.

**bal'us-trade**, a row of balusters topped by a rail.
**blight'ed**, blasted, withered.
**flut'ed**, formed with channels.
**fren'zy**, violent agitation.
**in-de-fat'i-ga-bly**, perseveringly.
**pet'al**, one of the leaves of the corolla.
**quan'da-ry**, state of perplexity.
**trans-mut'ed**, changed, converted.

1. Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. But when the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head, it seemed to him that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest

gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

2. Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at every thing that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand, — a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table; at his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with nowadays; but, on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible.

3. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him; that was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

4. But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days,

spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient, that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

5. "It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself, very philosophically. "We can not expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles at least, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me."

6. Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over it, in his descent. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of

the fairest sights in the world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet tranquillity, did these roses seem to be.

7. But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most indefatigably; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

8. What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and can not stop now to investigate. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to set before a king; and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

9. Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and seating himself at table awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage-way, crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold

was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth.

10. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and transmuted it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and disconsolately opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

11. "How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently transmuted.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

12. "Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But oh, dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a misfortune! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly, and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

13. "Poh, my dear little girl, — pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down, and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

14. The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful transmutation of her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on the circumference of the bowl; and these ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

15. Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffee-pots.

16. Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it

became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Eat your milk, before it gets quite cold."

17. He took one of the nice little trouts on his plate, and, by way of experiment, touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately transmuted from an admirably fried brook-trout into a gold fish, though not one of those gold-fishes which people often keep in glass globes, as ornaments for the parlor. No; but it was really a metallic fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose; only King Midas, just at that moment, would much rather have had a real trout in his dish than this elaborate and valuable imitation of one.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

18. He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though, a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. To say the truth, if it had really been a hot Indian cake, Midas would have prized it a good deal more than he now did, when its solidity and increased weight made

him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to those of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose, in the story-book, was in the habit of laying; but King Midas was the only goose that had had any thing to do with the matter.

19. "Well, this is a quandary!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

20. "Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

## 37.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

### Part III.

**con'scious** [*kon'shus*], aware.
**fas'cin-āt-ed**, captivated.
**in-flex'i-ble**, unbending.
**in-sa'ti-a-ble**, very greedy.
**pal'try**, small, petty.
**rav'en-ous** [*rav'n-us*], voracious.

1. And, truly, my dear little folks, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case, in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

2. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

3. These reflections so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals!

It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money (and as many millions more as would take for ever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be quite too dear," thought Midas.

4. Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment, gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

5. Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. Oh, terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

6. Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was

the prettiest and most woful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter.

7. It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

8. It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fullness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

9. While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him, the

day before, in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous faculty of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow luster all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

10. "Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray, how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not every thing that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not every thing," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

11. "Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most, — the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

12. "The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"O my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that

one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

13. "You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

14. "It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor; for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

15. You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and hastening to the river-side. As he scampered along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvelous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged head-

long in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

16. As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt, his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and transmuting itself into insensible metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet, that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

17. King Midas hastened back to the palace; and, I suppose, the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

18. No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the

dear child's cheek! — and how she began to sneeze and sputter! — and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember any thing that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

19. Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been transmuted by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

20. When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their

hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And, to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," quoth King Midas, diligently trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

## 38.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers;
On pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions[1] spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;

[1] *pin'ion*, wing.

All trembling with transport[1] he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

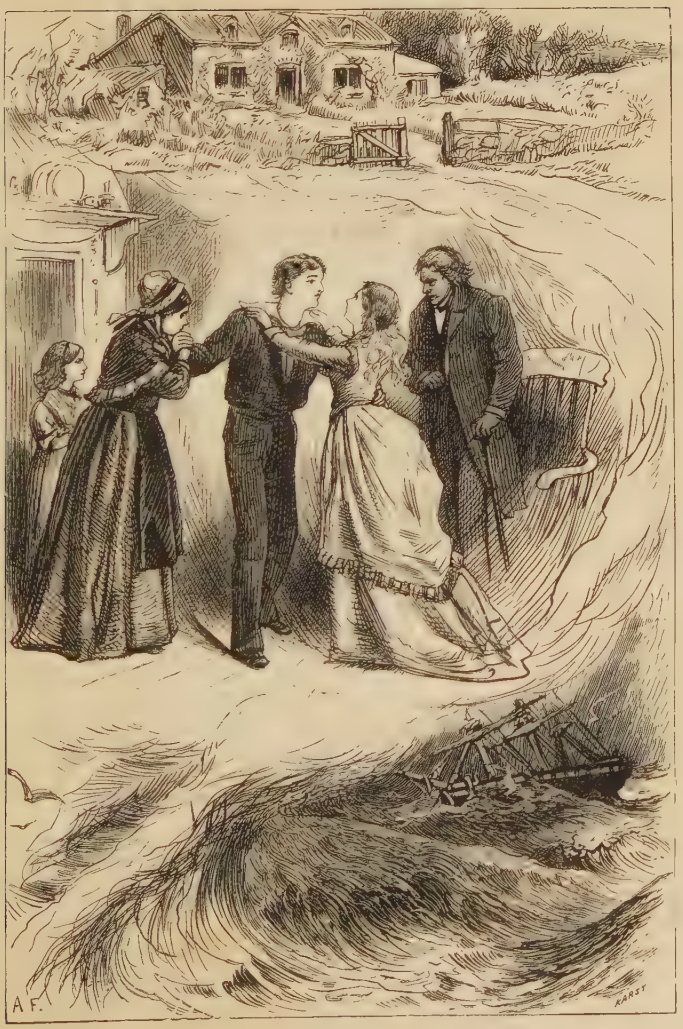
The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse — all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest, —
"O God! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is the flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound that now larums[2] his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock — he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire:
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters — the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save:
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

[1] *trans'pōrt*, ecstasy. [2] *lär'ums*, alarms.


A F.
HARST

O sailor boy! wo to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss;
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead in remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge;[1]
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be.
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye:
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

[1] *surge*, deep sea.

## 39.—WHAT ROBINSON CRUSOE BROUGHT FROM THE WRECK.

### Part I.

**a-bāt'ed**, quieted down.
**bow** [*bou*], the forward part.
**bulged** [*buljd*], having the bottom stove in.
**cor'di-al**, sweetened spirits.
**cove**, a small inlet.
**des'ti-tute**, lacking.
**ex-trem'i-ty**, difficult situation.
**fore'cas-tle** [*-kas-sl*], forward part of the ship.
**freight'ed** [*frāt'ed*], loaded.
**in-tent'**, bent on.
**mor-ti-fi-ca'tion**, disappointment.
**quar'ter**, part of a ship's side towards the stern.
**rack**, arrack, a liquor.
**rum'mag-ing**, searching.
**skip'per**, master of a small vessel.
**spir'it**, to cheer.
**sub-sist'ence**, food.
**yard**, timber on which a sail is stretched.

1. When I waked it was broad day. The weather was clear, and the storm had abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but what surprised me most was, that by the swelling of the tide the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, and was driven up almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the wave dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

2. When I came down from my lodgings in the tree, I again looked about me; and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and sea had tossed her up on the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to get to her; but found between me and the boat a

neck, or inlet, of water which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting to the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

3. A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we should all have been safe; that is to say, we should all have got safe on shore, and I should not have been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship.

4. Accordingly I pulled off my clothes, — for the weather was extremely hot, — and took to the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, and which hung down by the fore-chains so low that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope I got up into the forecastle of the ship.

5. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, in such a way that her stern was lifted up on the bank, while her bow was low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that

part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to find out what was spoiled and what was not. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and, being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, and of this I took a large dram, for I had need enough of it to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

6. It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare top-mast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and so I flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not float away.

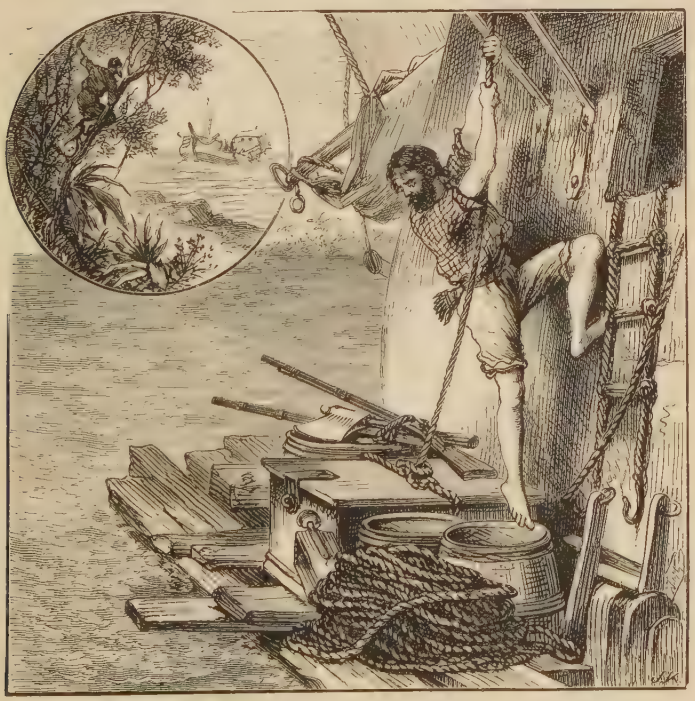
7. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends, as well as I could, in the form of a raft. By laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them, cross-ways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare top-mast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. But the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

8. My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea. However, I was not long considering this. I first laid all the plank or boards upon it that I could get, and, having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh (which we lived much upon), and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but which had been killed.

9. There had been some barley and wheat together; but to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters; and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor any room for them.

10. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though it was very calm; and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on the shore, upon the sand, swim away. As for my trousers, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this set me on rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon; as, first, tools to work with on shore. And it

was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was, indeed, a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-load of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.



11. My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two

old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them. Two of them dry and good, the third had taken water. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

12. I had three encouragements: first, a smooth, calm sea; secondly, the fact that the tide was rising and setting in to the shore; thirdly, what little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and, besides the tools which were in the chest, two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before. By this I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might use as a port to get to land with my cargo.

13. As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found that a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft, as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broken my heart; for, knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards the end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water.

14. I did my utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength; neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but, holding up the chests with all my might, I stood in that manner nearly half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level. A little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, because I hoped, in time, to see some ship at sea. Accordingly I resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

15. At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near, that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo into the sea again; for the shore lay pretty steep and sloping, and, wherever I might land, one end of my float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other be sunk so low, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over. And so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her up on that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored

her by sticking my two broken oars into the ground,—one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end. Thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

## 40.—WHAT ROBINSON CRUSOE BROUGHT FROM THE WRECK.

### Part II.

**a-bun'dance,** plenty.
**ap-pre-hen'sion,** fear.
**bar-ri-cad'ed,** fenced in.
**ca'bles,** strong ropes.
**car'ri-on,** unfit for food.
**com-posed',** still.
**crows,** crow-bars.
**en-vi'roned,** surrounded.
**haws'er** [*-zer*], rope smaller than a cable.
**ham'mock,** a swinging bed of netting or cloth.
**im-prac'ti-ca-ble,** that cannot be done.
**in-num'er-a-ble,** without number.
**lock'er,** a drawer or closet in a ship.
**mag-a-zine'** [*-zeen'*], a supply.
**miz'zen-yard,** hindmost yard.
**pumps,** slippers.
**run'lets,** small casks.
**screw-jacks,** a contrivance for raising great weights; a jack-screw.
**spritsail-yard,** foremast yard.
**tal'ons,** claws.

1. My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not: whether on the continent or an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward.

2. I took out one of the fowling-pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed, I

traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill. After I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw to my great affliction, that I was on an island environed on every side by the sea. No land was to be seen except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than these, which lay about three leagues to the west.

3. I found also that the island I was on was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited except by wild beasts, of whom, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls, but I knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, than from all the parts of the wood there arose an innumerable flock of fowls, of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one according to his usual note, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling that bird, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

4. Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took up the rest of that day. What to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest, for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

5. However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

6. I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. As I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other work apart, till I had got every thing out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council — that is to say, in my thoughts — whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

7. I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and, having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard. Still, I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing, a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with

some small quantity of powder more; a large bagful of small shot, and a great roll of sheet-lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side. Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-top sail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

8. I was under some apprehension, during my absence from the land, that my provisions might be devoured on shore: but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor; only there sat upon one of the chests a creature like a wildcat, which, when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and undisturbed, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away. Hereupon I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled at it, and ate it, and looked (as if pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more: so she marched off.

9. Having got my second cargo on shore, — though I was obliged to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels, for they were too heavy, being large casks, — I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail, and some poles which I cut for that purpose: and into this tent I brought every thing that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun; and I piled all the

empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

10. When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without. Then spreading one of the beds upon the ground, and laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy. The night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, to fetch all those things from the ship, and to get them on shore.

11. I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man; but I was not satisfied still, for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get every thing out of her that I could. Accordingly every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last; only that I was obliged to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

12. But that which comforted me more still was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with;

I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, three large runlets of rum, or spirits, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of the bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

13. The next day I made another voyage; and now, having plundered the ship of what was fit to hand out, I began with the cables. Cutting the great cable into pieces such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron-work I could get; and having cut down the spritsail-yard, and the mizzen-yard, and every thing I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all these heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy, and so overladen, that after I had entered the little cove where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the other, it upset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water.

14. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was a great part of it lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I had to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much. After this, I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

15. I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had

been eleven times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable of bringing. Indeed, I verily believe that had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece; but, preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen good knives and forks. In another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, — some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, and some silver.

16. I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "O drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me — no, not the taking off the ground. One of those knives is worth all this heap: I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thoughts, I took it away; and, wrapping all in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft. But while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore.

17. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off shore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly I let myself down into the

water, and swam across the channel which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of the things I had about me, and partly from the roughness of the water: for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

18. But I had got home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, that I had lost no time, nor omitted any diligence, to get every thing out of her that could be useful to me; and that, indeed, there was little left in her that I was able to bring away, if I had had more time.

## 41.—THE BROOK.

1. I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[1] a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

3. Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

4. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;[2]
I bubble into eddying bays;
I babble on the pebbles.

5. With many a curve my bank I fret[3]
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

6. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

7. I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,[4]

[1] *thorps*, small villages.
[2] *trebles*, sounds like the *treble*, or highest part in music.
[3] *fret*, chafe.
[4] *grayling*, a trout-like fish.

8. And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

9. And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

10. I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

11. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

12. I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly [1] bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

13. And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

[1] *shingly*, pebbly.

## 42. — RUM-PEL-STILT-SKIN.

**dam'sel** [*-zel*], a young unmarried woman.
**dis-con'so-late,** filled with grief.
**im-por'tance,** weight, consequence.
**per-plex'i-ty,** embarrassment.
**proof,** test.
**spin'dle,** the rod in a spinning-wheel.

1. THERE was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now, it happened that he came to speak to the king, and, to give himself importance, he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

The king said to the miller, "That is a talent that pleases me well. If she be as skillful as you say, bring her to-morrow to the palace, and I will put her to the proof."

2. When the maiden was brought to him, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold, you shall die." Then he locked the door, and left the maiden alone.

3. The poor girl sat down disconsolate, and could not for her life think what she was to do; for she knew not — how could she? — the way to spin straw into gold; and her distress increased so much, that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered and said, "Good-evening, my pretty miller's daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?"

4. "Ah!" answered the maiden, "I must spin straw into gold, and know not how to do it." The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?" — "My neckerchief," said the maiden.

He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind, — three times did he grind, — and the spindle was full. Then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind, the second was full. So he spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

5. The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy for gold. He put the miller's daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if life were dear to her. The poor helpless maiden began to weep,

when once more the door flew open, and the little man appeared and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

6. "My ring from my finger," answered the maiden. The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and, by the morning, all the straw was spun into shining gold.

The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room, full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it, you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "if she is only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

7. As soon as the damsel was alone, the little man came the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I again spin all this straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," answered the girl.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

"Who knows how that may be, or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl; but in her perplexity she could not help herself. So she promised the little man what he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

8. When the king came in the morning, and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the beautiful miller's daughter became a queen. By and by she had a lovely baby, but she quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber, and said, "Give me what you promised me."

The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of the kingdom if he would only leave her the child. But he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

9. Then the queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly, that the little man took pity upon her, and said, "I will give you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom, to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. Next day, when the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated, each after each, all the names she knew or had heard of. But at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

10. The second day she again sent round about in all directions, to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine. But at each he answered as before, "That is not my name."

11. The third day the messenger returned and said, "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg, and cried out, —

'To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake,
Next day the queen's child I shall take;
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstiltskin!'"

12. You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this; and when, soon after, the little man entered and said, "Queen, what is my name?" she asked him mischievously, "Is your name Hans?"

"No."

"Is your name Carl?"

"No."

"Are you not sometimes called Rumpelstiltskin?"

13. "A witch has told you that — a witch has told you!" shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot that it sunk into the earth, and he could not draw it out again. Then he seized his left foot with both hands with such violence, that his right foot came off, and he hopped away howling.

## 43.—ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

### Part I.

**cof'fers,** chests for valuables.
**in-duce',** prevail on, persuade.
**in-dulged',** gave up to.
**ma-gi'cian** [*-jish'an*], one skilled in magic, a sorcerer.
**main-tain',** support.
**niche** [*nĭch*], recess in a wall.
**spright'ly,** gay, animated.
**suf'fer,** permit, allow.
**sumpt'ū-ous,** costly, splendid.
**tal'is-man,** a charm of magic power.
**trans-par'ent,** clear like glass.
**tur-quois'es** [*-koiz'ez*], bluish precious stones,
**wil'y,** sly, crafty.
**wiz'ard,** conjurer, magician.

1. In the capital of China there once lived a tailor named Mustapha. This Mustapha was very poor, and, work as hard as he might, could hardly maintain himself, his wife, and their only son, whose name was Aladdin. The boy, though sprightly and intelligent, was a careless and idle fellow, and as he grew up his laziness increased. He was continually loitering in the streets, nor could Mustapha by any means prevail on him to make himself useful. This idle disposition of the boy troubled Mustapha so much that his grief brought on a fit of sickness which cost him his life.

2. Aladdin, being no longer restrained by his father, indulged his indolence to the utmost, and was not ashamed, though fifteen years old, to be supported by his mother's labor. One day as he was amusing himself with his companions, a stranger, passing by, stopped to observe him. This stranger was an African magician. After looking at the youth for some time very earnestly, he inquired among his playmates who the lad was, and presently learned his little history. The

wily African then went up to him, and asked him if his father was not called Mustapha the tailor? "He was so called," replied the boy, "but he has been dead for some time." At this account the magician pretended to burst into tears, and, embracing Aladdin, told him he was his father's brother.

3. The day following, the magician took Aladdin out with him, and gave him money and handsome clothes. Then he conducted him to the gardens belonging to the sumptuous palaces of the nobility, which were situated in the suburbs of the city. Aladdin, having never seen any thing so elegant, was highly delighted: so his false uncle led him by degrees into the country.

4. At length they came to a valley which separated two mountains of considerable height. The wizard told Aladdin he would show him some very wonderful things. He directed him to gather a parcel of dry sticks and kindle a fire; which being done, the African cast a perfume into it, and pronounced certain magical words; immediately a great smoke arose, after which the earth trembled a little, and, opening, revealed a stone about half a yard square.

5. "There is hidden," said the magician, "under that stone an immense treasure, which you may possess if you carefully observe my instructions." Then putting a ring on Aladdin's finger, the African bade him pronounce the name of his father and grandfather, and raise up the stone. Aladdin did as he was directed; and, in spite of its immense size, he removed the stone with great ease, and discovered a hole several feet deep, and steps to descend lower.

6. "Observe," said the wizard, "what I am going to

say to you. Not only the possession of the treasure, but your life itself, will depend on your careful attention.

Though I have opened this cave, I am forbidden to enter it: that honor is permitted only to you. Go down boldly, then. You will find at the bottom of these steps three great halls, in each of which you will see a large number of coffers full of gold and silver. Be sure you do not meddle with them; nor must you suffer even your garments to touch the walls. If you do, you will instantly perish. When you have passed through these halls, you will come to a garden. Here you will be perfectly safe, and may handle any thing you see. At the farther end of it you will find a lamp, burning in a niche. Take that lamp down, throw away the wick, pour out the oil, and put the lamp in your bosom to bring to me."

7. Aladdin obeyed exactly. He went through the halls with as much caution as the fear of death could inspire. He crossed the garden, secured the lamp, put it in his bosom, and began calmly to look about him. He found that the trees were loaded with fruits of many colors, — transparent, white, red, green, blue, purple, and yellow. The transparent were diamonds; the white, pearls; the red, rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the purple, amethysts; and the yellow, sapphires. All these fruits were large, and very beautiful.

8. Aladdin, though he knew nothing of their value, was much pleased with them; and as he had been told that he might safely meddle with any thing in the garden, he filled his pockets with some of each sort, and even crammed as many as he could into his bosom. He then returned through the halls as cautiously as he came; and having ascended the steps, he called out to

his uncle to assist him with his hand, and pull him out of the cave.

9. Nothing could be farther from the intention of the magician than to deliver Aladdin from the cave. He had found by his books that, concealed in an underground abode in China, was a lamp which would render its possessor more powerful than any prince in the world; but as he was not permitted to enter the place himself, he resolved to induce some friendless boy to fetch him the wonderful talisman, and, having gained it, to shut up the cave, and leave the lad to his fate. When Aladdin therefore called out for his assistance, the wizard called as loudly for the lamp. The young man would have readily given it to him, if he had not buried it in his bosom by the quantity of jewels he had put over it; and being ashamed to acknowledge this, he entreated the magician to help him out, and he would deliver it to him immediately.

10. The dispute had lasted a short time, and neither of them was disposed to give way, when the African, turning his head, saw some people from the city entering the valley. Fear of being discovered by them, and rage at the obstinacy of the lad, overcame every other feeling. He pronounced two magical words, which replaced the stone and closed the earth. By this means he lost all hope of obtaining the lamp, since it was for ever out of his power to open the cave again, or to teach others how to do it But he gratified his revenge by leaving Aladdin, as he supposed, to certain death. He set off straightway for his own country, taking care not to return to the city.

## 44.—ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

### Part II.

**dī-van′**, the sultan's court.
**ge′nie** [*jē′ny*], a supposed being, between angels and men.
**gē′ni-ī**, plural of *genie*.
**se-cre′ted**, hid, concealed.
**sher′bet**, lemonade.
**suit** [*sūt*], endeavor, petition.
**sul′tan**, emperor.
**sus′te-nance**, food.
**ves′sel**, a hollow dish.

1. Aladdin was exceedingly terrified to find himself buried alive. He cried out, and called to his uncle, offering to give him the lamp immediately; but it was too late. As the cave was dark as night, he thought of returning through the halls into the garden, which was light; but the door, which had been opened by enchantment, was now shut.

2. In his agony he clasped his hands together, and rubbed the ring the magician had put upon his finger, and had forgotten to take away. Immediately there rose out of the earth an enormous genie, and in his hand was a torch, which lighted up the cave as though the sun shone in it. Said the genie to him, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, while thou wearest the ring; I, and the other slaves of the ring."

3. At any other time Aladdin would have been frightened to death at such an appearance; but despair gave him courage, and he cried, "I charge you, by the ring, to release me if you can from this place." He had no sooner spoken, than the earth opened, and the genie lifting him up to the surface immediately disappeared.

Aladdin rejoiced greatly at his deliverance, and found his way home without much difficulty; but he was so agitated by his adventure, and so faint for want of sustenance, that it was some time before he could tell his story. His mother congratulated him on his escape, and railed against the treacherous impostor who led him into captivity.

4. The next morning when Aladdin awoke he was very hungry, and called to his mother for some breakfast. "Alas! child," she said, "I have been so distressed on your account, that I have not been able to do any work these two days, so that I have no money to buy any food; and all I had in the house you ate yesterday. But," continued she, "here is the lamp you brought home, and which nearly cost you your life; it seems to be a very good one. I will clean it; and I dare say it will sell for money enough to keep us until I have spun some more cotton." Saying this, she took some sand, and began to rub the lamp. In an instant a genie of gigantic size stood before her, and said, "What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; the slave of all those who hold the lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp."

5. Aladdin's mother fainted at the sight of the genie; but her son, who had once before seen him, caught the lamp out of her hand, and said, "I am hungry: bring me something to eat at once." The genie vanished; but quickly returned with a large silver basin containing twelve covered plates of the same metal, all full of the choicest dainties, together with six white loaves, and two bottles of sherbet. Having placed these things on the table, he disappeared.

6. When Aladdin's mother recovered, she was very much pleased to see such a plenty of nice provisions. She sat down with her son, and they feasted abundantly. When they had done, the old lady inquired what had passed between the genie and her son, while she was unconscious.

7. On being informed that her rubbing the lamp had caused the genie to appear, she protested against ever touching it again, and earnestly advised her son to sell it. He reasoned with her on the great pains his false uncle had taken to procure the talisman, and on the use it had now been to them, and would no doubt continue to be, as they might live comfortably without labor; and added, that, as he was now used to the appearance of genii, he would rub the lamp, when he wanted any thing, at a time when she was not present. His mother answered that he might act as he pleased, but for her part she would have nothing to do with genii.

8. The next day, the provisions being all gone, Aladdin took one of the plates, and went to a silversmith to sell it. The merchant soon perceived that it was of the purest silver, but thinking the owner ignorant of its value, he offered a small sum of money for it. Aladdin thought he had made a good bargain. He gave the money to his mother, and they lived upon it in their usual frugal manner, as long as it lasted. Aladdin then sold another plate, and so on till they had only the basin left; and, that being very large, the silversmith gave him double the former amount, which supported them a considerable time.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin again called

the lamp to his aid; and the genie supplied the table with another silver basin and the same number of covered plates equally well filled.

9. Aladdin and his mother very prudently continued to live as usual for several years, when one day, as Aladdin was walking in the town, he heard a crier ordering all the people to shut their shops, and keep within doors, while the princess Bulbul, the sultan's daughter, went to the baths. Aladdin, seized with a great desire to see the princess, secreted himself behind the outer door of the bath, where he remained unobserved.

10. As the princess approached the door, she laid aside her veil, and gave him an opportunity to have a full view of her face. The instant Aladdin saw the princess, who was exceedingly beautiful, he fell desperately in love with her; and when she had entered the inner doors, he returned home, pensive yet delighted.

Next morning Aladdin behaved with great reserve and sadness, and, after musing some time, told his mother the cause of his uneasiness, saying, "I love the charming princess so much that I can not live without her, and am resolved to ask her in marriage of the sultan, her father."

11. Aladdin's mother heard with attention, but when he came to what seemed so wild a determination, she burst into loud laughter. "My dear son," she said, "you must be crazy. Do you consider who you are, that you have the boldness to think of your sovereign's daughter for a wife? Who do you expect will be hardy enough to demand the princess of the sultan for you,

according to the custom of our country?" "*You*, undoubtedly, must do it," replied her son. "I shall take care," said she hastily, "how I engage in such an affair. I go to the sultan on a message! what madness! Besides, no one approaches the sovereign, you know, to ask a favor, without a present. What have you to offer the sultan worthy his acceptance, even for his smallest favors, much less for the highest he can bestow?"

12. "I admit," replied Aladdin, "that my wish is very bold; but I love the princess so ardently that I shall die if I do not succeed. You should remember what the lamp I possess has already done for us. As to a proper offering to the sultan, I am able to furnish you with one which I am sure he will gladly accept."

Aladdin then arranged the jewels he had brought from the garden, in a vessel of fine porcelain, which showed them to great advantage; and persuaded his mother, who consented with great reluctance, to carry them to the sultan. "Depend upon it, my son," said she, "your present will be thrown away. The sultan will either laugh at me, or be in so great a rage that he will make us both the victims of his fury."

13. However, on the following day, Aladdin's mother appeared at the divan, and was admitted with other suitors, who came to ask favors of the sultan. By the example of others, she had learned to prostrate herself before the throne. The sultan bade her rise, and said to her, "Good woman, what is your business?"

Aladdin's mother replied, "Before I presume to tell your majesty the almost incredible affair which brings me before you, I most humbly request the favor of

being heard by you in private, and also that you will pardon me the bold demand I have to make." The sultan's curiosity was much excited, and, ordering everybody else to withdraw, he directed her to proceed.

14. She was slow to do so, being very anxious to obtain pardon for her presumption before she began. The sultan, tired with her prattle, and impatient to know what she had to ask, gave her assurances of the most ample pardon, and again commanded her to relate her business.

Thus encouraged, the old lady told him faithfully how her son had seen the princess, and the violent love for her which that sight had inspired in him, and ended by formally asking the princess Bulbul in marriage for her son. At the same time she bowed down before the throne, and laid her present at the foot of it.

15. From the manners and appearance of the poor woman, nothing could seem more absurd to the sultan than such a proposal. The instant he heard it he burst out laughing, but, sobering himself a little, he said to her, "You have brought a present to forward your suit: pray let me look at it." Aladdin's mother hastened to lift it up; and the sultan, greatly astonished to see so many priceless jewels set before him, the smallest of which far surpassed in beauty and value any in his own treasury, told the old lady to return in three months, hinting that the answer then might not be unfavorable.

16. Aladdin's mother was overjoyed at a reception so much beyond her hopes. She hurried home to her son, who heard her story with great joy. To be sure, three months seemed an age; but, as he had never expected to succeed without much greater trouble, his delight was unbounded.

## 15. — ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

### Part III.

**bur'nished**, polished, bright.
**com-mis'sion** [*-mĭsh'un*], charge, duty.
**dis-patch'**, speed, promptness.
**dow'ry**, reward paid for a wife.
**eq'ui-page** [*ĕk'wĭ-pej*], attendance.
**mass'y**, heavy, massive.
**nup'tial** [*-shal*], pertaining to a wedding.
**ret'i-nue**, train of attendants.
**se-cured**, took careful possession of.
**viz'ier** [*vĭz'yer*], councilor of state.

1. When the three months had passed, Aladdin sent his mother to the divan as before. The sultan remembered her; but, having no inclination to give the princess to her son, he consulted his vizier, who advised him to demand of Aladdin a nuptial present so exceedingly valuable that it would be out of his power to procure it. The sultan was well pleased with the advice, which he doubted not would effectually prevent his hearing any more of Aladdin. He then beckoned the old woman to him, and told her he was ready to give the princess to her son, provided Aladdin sent him forty basins of massy gold, full of the same kind of stones she had brought him before, — each basin to be carried by a black slave led by a young and handsome white slave, all of them magnificently dressed. "Go," said he, "and tell him that on these conditions I am ready to receive him as my son-in-law."

2. The old lady returned home much dejected; but Aladdin heard her report with great pleasure, and, summoning the genie, ordered him to provide the present the sultan had demanded.

In a few minutes the house of Aladdin was filled by the eighty slaves: forty black ones, bearing large golden basins filled with all sorts of jewels, each basin being covered with a silver stuff embroidered with flowers of gold. Aladdin requested his mother to return to the sultan, and present him with the dowry he had demanded; and, opening the door, he ordered a white slave to go out, and a black one with his basin to follow. In this order they all set forth, and the mother of Aladdin closed the procession.

3. When they entered the divan, they formed a semicircle before the throne; the black slaves laid the basins on the carpets, and uncovered them; and the whole company, having paid proper compliments to the sovereign, modestly stood with folded arms.

The sultan surveyed the whole with the utmost amazement. The vizier admitted that Aladdin's present merited his reception into the royal family. All the court agreed with this opinion; and the sultan dismissed the old lady with orders that her son should hasten to receive the princess from the hands of her father.

4. The joy with which Aladdin received this message was unspeakable. He summoned the genie, and said, "Provide me with proper apparel and equipage, that I may visit the sultan, who has consented to receive me as a son." No sooner had he spoken these words than the genie clothed him in most magnificent garments.

5. When Aladdin arrived at court, and was introduced to the sultan, he would have prostrated himself in the usual manner, but the monarch prevented this by receiving him in his arms and embracing him. They

conversed together a long time, and the sultan was charmed with the wit and good sense of his intended son-in-law. The judge presented the contract, and the sultan asked Aladdin to stay in the palace and conclude the marriage immediately.

6. But Aladdin with great gratitude declined the sultan's request. "I wish first," said he, "to build a palace fit for the reception of the charming princess; and for this purpose I humbly beg your majesty to grant me a piece of ground near your own." The sultan bade him take any ground he pleased, but begged him to consider how long it must be before he could complete a new palace; and all that time he should be without the pleasure of calling him son.

7. When Aladdin returned home, he summoned the genie in the usual manner. "Genie," said he, "the speed with which thou hast executed my orders deserves all praise. I have now a commission of still greater importance for thee. Build me a palace opposite the sultan's, fit to receive the princess Bulbul. Let the materials be the most rare and costly. Let there be a large hall in it with a dome at the top, and four-and-twenty windows. Decorate these windows with the most splendid jewels. Let the walls of the hall be formed of massy gold and silver. Provide the most sumptuous furniture, and a proper number of handsome slaves to perform the necessary duties. Do all this, I charge thee by the lamp, in the most perfect manner, and with all possible dispatch."

8. By the time Aladdin had finished his instructions to the genie the sun was set. The next morning at daybreak the genie presented himself, and said, "Mas-

ter, your palace is finished: come and see how you like it." Aladdin consenting, he transported him thither, and led him through the various apartments. He found that his orders had been faithfully fulfilled. The treasury was filled to the ceiling with bags of money, the palace with the most costly furniture, and the stables with the finest horses in the world. When Aladdin had reviewed the whole, he gave it the praise deserved. He then ordered the genie to spread a piece of fine velvet from the sultan's palace to his own, for the princess to walk on.

9. Aladdin now sent a message to the sultan, requesting that he might be permitted to wait on him and on the princess Bulbul, and that the wedding might take place that day. The sultan consenting, Aladdin bade adieu for ever to his parental dwelling. He first requested his mother to go to the palace with her slaves to attend the princess; he then secured his wonderful lamp, and, mounting his horse, attended by a numerous and splendid retinue, he arrived at the palace.

10. The marriage was performed, and in the evening Aladdin received the lovely bride in his own palace, and conducted her into the grand hall, which was superbly illuminated. The princess being seated, a noble feast was served up. The plates and dishes were all of burnished gold, and contained the most delicious meats; and all the furniture in the hall was magnificent. Although the princess Bulbul had been used to the splendor of a court from her infancy, she was much struck with the magnificence of her new home, and expressed her pleasure to Aladdin in the strongest terms.

11. After supper there was a concert of music and a dance by genii and fairies. The day following, the royal parents came to Aladdin's palace to congratulate the princess; she received them, and conducted them to the hall, where they were astonished at the display of riches and elegance.

## 46. — ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

### Part IV.

**cai'tiff** [*kā'tif*], wretch, villain.
**de-lu'sions** [*-zhunz*], deceptions.
**de-vot'ed,** doomed, destined.
**hor'o-scope,** plan of finding secrets by the stars.
**in'ter-val,** space of time.
**khan,** an Oriental inn.
**ma-lig'ni-ty,** ill-will, malevolence.
**per-fid'i-ous,** faithless, treacherous.
**pin'ioned** [*-yund*], bound, confined.
**port'al,** small door or gate.
**re-pair',** go.
**sire,** your majesty.
**sub'tle** [*sŭt'l*], artful, cunning.

1. No situation in human life is free from misfortune. Several years after these events, the African magician, who without intending it had been the means of Aladdin's good fortune, chanced to recollect him, and resolved to know if he had perished in the cave. He drew a horoscope, by which he found that Aladdin had escaped, lived splendidly, was rich, and had married a princess.

2. On this discovery, the natural malignity of the wizard increased tenfold. He burst out in a rage, saying, "Has this fellow discovered the virtue of the lamp? does he whom I despised and devoted to death

enjoy the fruit of my labor and study? He shall not long do so." He immediately prepared for a journey, and, setting off next day, traveled till he arrived again at the capital of China.

3. He put up at one of the principal khans, and mingled with people of the better sort, among whom he soon heard much talk of Aladdin's palace; for, though it had been built some years, it was still an object of wonder to the citizens. One of the company, seeing that the magician was a stranger, and that he listened to them with great attention, courteously offered to show him those parts of it to which the public were admitted. The magician accepted his civility; and was instantly convinced that it was built by the genii, slaves to the lamp, as it was surely beyond the power of man to produce so glorious an edifice.

4. The wizard heard that Aladdin had gone on a hunting-party, which would last several days. As soon as he got back to the khan, he sought the aid of his art to learn whether Aladdin carried his lamp about him. He had the unexpected pleasure of learning that the lamp was left unwatched in the palace. So, putting a dozen handsome copper lamps in a basket, he went to the palace of Aladdin, crying out, "Who will change old lamps for new?"

5. Several people accepted his offer, and this drew a crowd of boys and idle people about him. The noise they made attracting the notice of the princess Bulbul, she sent a female slave to inquire the cause. When the slave returned, another of the princess's women said, "Let us see if this man is as silly as he seems to be. I remember seeing an old copper lamp on a

shelf; the owner no doubt will be glad to find a new one in its place." The princess consented; the

exchange was soon made, and the African, having obtained the prize he sought, returned with it, rejoicing, to his khan.

6. In the evening he went into the fields, and rubbed the lamp, when the genie appeared, and said, "What

wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave; the slave of all who have the lamp in their hands; I, and the other slaves of the lamp." "I command thee," replied the magician, "to transport me and yonder palace which thou hast built, with all who are in it, to Africa." The genie and his associates immediately obeyed him.

7. The sultan was so delighted with Aladdin's palace, that he used to look out of his chamber-window every morning to admire it. The morning after this removal he was astonished to see only an empty space where the palace had stood the evening before. On consulting his grand vizier, the latter said, "I am exceedingly sorry, sire, that this event too surely proves the truth of my opinion. Your majesty knows I have always thought this palace, and all its immense riches, were the work of magic only; and I now fear that those powers who were capable, in one night, of producing so much treasure and magnificence, have with equal ease taken them away again."

8. These remarks of the vizier kindled the sultan's rage against Aladdin. "Where is that impostor, that vile wretch?" exclaimed the sultan. "Bring him before me, and let his head pay the price of his wicked delusions."

The vizier dispatched an officer, properly instructed, with a small party of horse, in search of Aladdin. When they came up with him, the officer said to him, "It is with great regret, sir, that I declare to you the commands of the sultan, which are, that I am to arrest you, and carry you before him as a criminal." Accordingly a chain was put about his neck, and fastened

round his body, so that his arms were pinioned. One of the troopers took hold of the end of the chain, and Aladdin was obliged to follow him on foot through the city to the sultan's palace.

9. When Aladdin was brought into the presence of the sultan, he threw himself at his feet, and begged to know his crime. "Thy crime, perfidious wretch!" replied the sultan, "dost thou not know it? Follow me;" and leading him to the window said, "There thy palace stood; look, and tell me what has become of it."

Aladdin, seeing that the palace had vanished, was overwhelmed with grief and despair. The sultan, instead of being softened by his distress, became more and more incensed. "Caitiff," said he, "restore to me my daughter, whom I value a thousand times more than thy palace, or nothing shall restrain me from putting thee to death."

10. "I beseech your majesty," replied Aladdin, "to give me forty days to search for my dear princess; if at the end of that time I fail to find her, I solemnly swear that I will return, and deliver myself into your hands." "Begone, then," answered the sultan; "but know that if you break your oath, you shall not escape me. My rage shall pursue you, whatever part of the world you may vainly attempt to hide yourself in."

11. Covered with confusion, Aladdin left the sultan. He passed on to the city, about which he rambled for three days, asking every one he met if he could tell him any news of his palace. Tired at last of wandering about the streets, he strolled into the country; and coming to the side of a river, the ground he stood on gave way, and he would have fallen into the water if

he had not caught hold of a rock which supported him. In recovering himself he pressed the ring he had formerly received from the African magician, very hard. The genie immediately appeared, and made him the usual offer of his services.

12. Aladdin, recovering at once from his despair, cried out, "O genie, preserve my life a second time, by bringing back my palace to the place where it stood."

"That I can not do," replied the genie: "you must address yourself to the slave of the lamp." "At least," said Aladdin, "convey me to the place where it stands, and set me down under the princess's window." These words were no sooner uttered, than the genie transported him to Africa, and set him down as he had desired.

13. It was night when Aladdin found himself under the window of the princess. As he knew not who might be within, he determined not to enter it till morning. He sat down at the foot of a large tree, and overcome by fatigue and grief he fell asleep; but, waking very early in the morning, he had the happiness of beholding the princess at her window. She soon saw him, but dared not converse with him from her window; so she made signs to him, that he should repair to a secret portal where a trusty slave would admit him.

14. After the first joy of their meeting, the princess Bulbul explained to him the cause of their misfortunes. She told him that they were in Africa, and how the magician had obtained the lamp, which he now constantly carried in his bosom. She added, that he every day paid her one visit, and presumed to ask her hand in marriage. Aladdin now besought the princess to

permit him to go to a neighboring town. "This man," said he, "in whose power we are, is the most subtle and the most wicked of mankind. When he comes to you to-day, receive him with less coolness than usual; invite him to sup with you, and leave the rest to me."

15. Aladdin then went into the town, and bought of a druggist half a dram of a certain powder, with which he returned to the palace. This he gave to the princess, with instructions how to use it; and then retired to a closet, lest he should be discovered. The wizard paid his usual visit to the princess, in the course of the day, and was glad to find her in much better spirits than before. She had now, for the first time, dressed herself elegantly, and she conversed freely with him. When he was about to depart, she feigned a wish to taste the wines of Africa, and desired that he would provide her the best, and come and sup with her.

16. The wily African, with all his cunning, allowed himself to be deceived. In the evening he did not fail to attend the princess, who received him in the most flattering manner. After supper, when the wine was set before them, the princess gave an appointed signal to her attendant. A gold cup was presented to the magician, and another to the princess. In her cup was the powder procured by Aladdin. Wine being poured out, the princess told the magician that in China it was the custom to exchange cups, and at the same time held out her cup to him. He eagerly made the exchange; and, putting the cup he had received from her to his lips, he drank a little of the wine, and immediately expired.

17. When the wizard fell down, Aladdin, who had watched the event, entered the hall; and, running to the body, found the lamp carefully wrapped up in his bosom. Summoning the genie, Aladdin commanded him to restore the palace to its former situation. This he instantly did: those within it felt only two slight shocks, one when it was lifted up, and the other, after a short interval, when it was set down.

18. The morning after the return of the palace, the sultan entered his closet, unusually sad; but, on going to the window, he had the joyful surprise to see it again in its place. He flew thither, and embraced his daughter with tears of joy.

The princess Bulbul then related to her father every thing that had befallen her. She took upon herself the whole blame of changing the lamp, and magnified the merit of her husband in so soon discovering and delivering her. The sultan embraced Aladdin, and the whole city rejoiced at his safe return with the princess.

## 47. — ALADDIN.

1. When I was a beggarly boy,
   And lived in a cellar damp,
   I had not a friend nor a toy,
   But I had Aladdin's lamp;
   When I could not sleep for cold,
   I had fire enough in my brain,

And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

2. Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose:
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

## 48.—LLEWELLYN AND THE GREYHOUND

1. THE spearmen heard the bugle sound
When cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach[1] and many a hound
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

2. And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert, come! wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear!"

3. Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!

[1] *brach*. a female hound.

4. 'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed:
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord;
He sentineled his bed.

5. In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

6. And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

7. That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

8. Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied.
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

9. But when he gained the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood.
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood!

10. Llewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;

His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

11. Onward in haste Llewellyn passed
(And on went Gelert too),
While still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts[1] shocked his view!

12. O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stained covering rent;
And all around, both wall and ground,
With recent blood besprent.[2]

13. He called his child — no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

14. "Monster! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

15. His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still poor Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

16. Aroused by that last piteous yell,
A slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the father's joy can tell
To hear his infant's cry!

[1] *blood-gouts*, blood-spots. [2] *besprent*, besprinkled.

17. Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His lovely boy he kissed.

18. Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread:
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

19. Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

20. Vain! vain was all Llewellyn's woe.
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow that laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!"

21. And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied[1] with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

22. Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

23. And here he hung his horn and spear;
And here, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

24. And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.

[1] *storied*, bearing inscriptions.

## 49.—TOM AND ARTHUR AT RUGBY.

### Part I.

**ab-lu'tions** [*-lū'shuns*], washing.
**close,** inclosed play-ground.
**fags,** school-boys who do servant's work for boys of a higher class.
**form,** class.
**nov'el-ty,** newness, strangeness.
**o-ver-whelmed',** greatly confused.
**re-spon'si-ble,** having to answer for
**shāv'er,** a little fellow.
**shied,** threw.
**sniv'el-ing,** crying, whining.
**ver'ger** [*vēr-jer*], an attendant.

1. The schoolhouse prayers were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys, who stood all together at the farther table, — of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come. Tom Brown thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him up-stairs to No. 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed.

2. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the farthest corner by the fireplace was occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, — all fags, for the fifth-form boys slept in rooms by themselves.

Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten: the sixth-form boys came to bed

from ten to a quarter past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

3. Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entrance, all the other boys who slept in No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

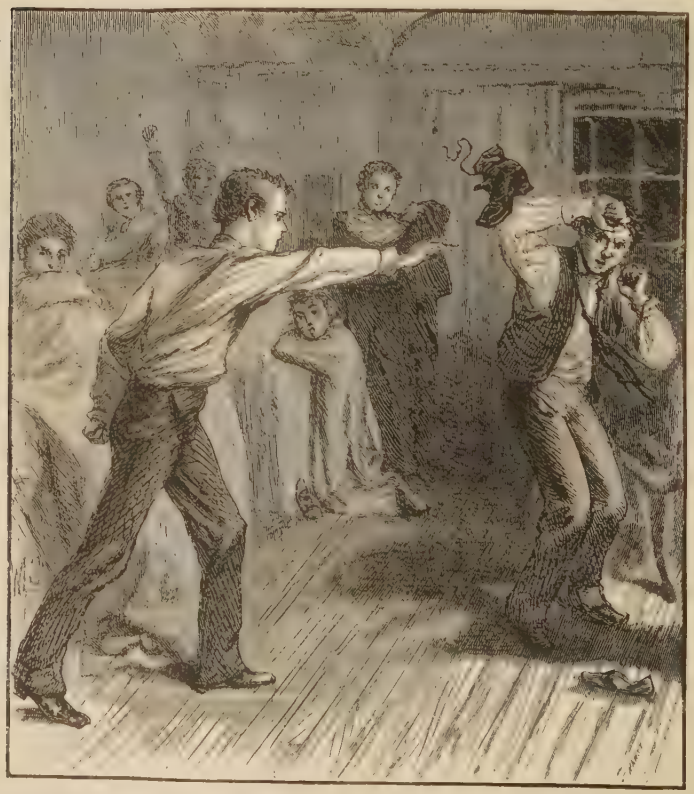
4. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused, and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

5. "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "That's your wash-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

6. On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting

up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped



on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

7. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and

he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then all at once Tom understood what was going on, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

8. "Confound you, Brown! what do you mean by that?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

9. What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, genl'm'n."

## 50.—TOM AND ARTHUR AT RUGBY.

### Part II.

**brag'gart**, a boaster.
**ex-ag'ger-at-ed** [*egz-aj'er-āt-ed*], made too much.
**glim'mer**, glimpse, slight view.
**leav'en** [*lev'n*], to work in and in.
**pre-pos'i-tor**, a pupil appointed to look after other pupils.
**tables turned**, things completely changed.
**tes'ti-mo-ny**, evidence, witness.

1. There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

2. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

3. It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way.

4. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came, he did not kneel down, because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed; and then, that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling or sitting, or lying down, and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

5. Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. And the poor little weak boy Arthur, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not to do.

6. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then Tom resolved to write home next day, and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear *his* testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

7. Next morning Tom was up, and washed, and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten-minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say — the bell mocked him; he was listening

for every whisper in the room — what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

8. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart, — the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

9. He found how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact, that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the prepositor; at any rate, every boy knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers.

## 51. — THE TWO CHURCH-BUILDERS.

A FAMOUS king would build a church,
A temple vast and grand;
And, that the praise might be his own,
He gave a strict command
That none should add the smallest gift
To aid the work he planned.

2. And when the mighty dome was done,
Within the noble frame,
Upon a tablet broad and fair,
In letters all aflame
With burnished gold, the people read
The royal builder's name.

3. Now, when the king, elate with pride,
That night had sought his bed,
He dreamed he saw an angel come
(A halo round his head),
Erase the royal name, and write
Another in its stead.

4. What could it mean? Three times that night
That wondrous vision came;
Three times he saw that angel hand
Erase the royal name,
And write a woman's in its stead,
In letters all aflame.

5. Whose could it be? He gave command
To all about his throne,
To seek the owner of the name
That on the tablet shone;
And so it was the courtiers found
A widow poor and lone.

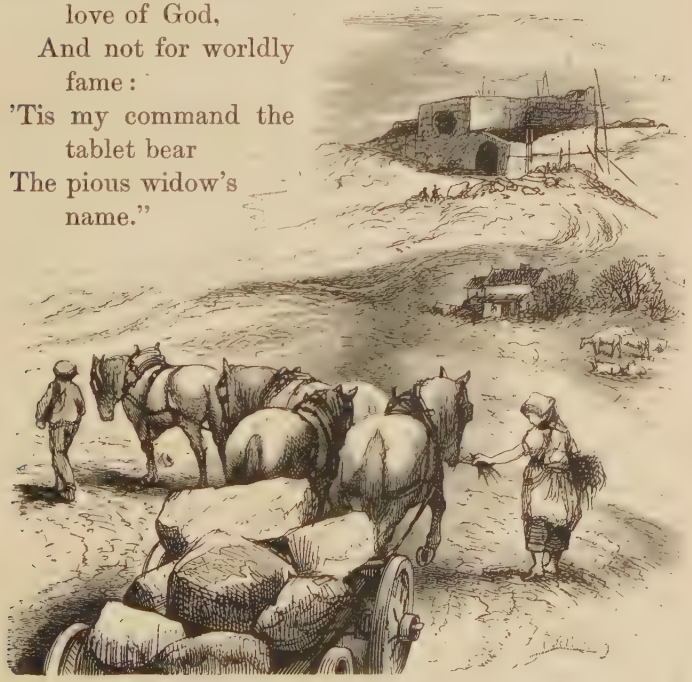
6. The king, enraged at what he heard,
Cried, "Bring the culprit here!"
And to the woman, trembling sore,
He said, "'Tis very clear
That you have broken my command;
Now let the truth appear!"

7. "Your majesty," the widow said,
"I can't deny the truth;
I love the Lord, — my Lord and yours, —
And so, in simple sooth,
I broke your majesty's command
(I crave your royal ruth).

8. And since I had no money, sire,
Why, I could only pray
That God would bless your majesty;
And when along the way

The horses drew the stones, I gave
To one a wisp of hay."

9. "Ah! now I see," the king exclaimed,
"Self-glory was my aim;
The woman gave for love of God,
And not for worldly fame:
'Tis my command the tablet bear
The pious widow's name."



## 52.—HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR.

### Part I.

**Æ-ge'an** [*e-jē'an*].
**Æ'ge-us** [*e'jē-us*].
**An-dro'ge-os** [*-jē-os*].
**lab'y-rinth,** a winding maze.
**Min'o-taur** [*-tor*].
**The'se-us,** son of Ægeus.
**trib'ute,** sum paid as the price of peace.

1. When the spring drew near, all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and Theseus saw it, and asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father, and asked him; but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

"Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen: it is enough to have to face them when they come."

2. When the spring came, a herald came to Athens, and stood in the market, and cried, "O people and king of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?" Then a great lamentation arose throughout the city. But Theseus stood up to the herald, and cried, —

"And who are you, dog-faced, who dare demand tribute here? If I did not reverence your herald's staff, I would brain you with this club."

3. And the herald answered proudly, for he was a grave and ancient man, —

"Fair youth, I am not dog-faced or shameless; but I do my master's bidding, Minos, the king of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. And you must be surely a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right."

4. "I *am* a stranger here. Tell me, then, why you come."

"To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos, and confirmed his promise with an oath. For Minos conquered all this land, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son Androgeos came hither to the games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero.

5. "But when Ægeus saw his valor, he envied him, and feared lest he should join the sons of Pallas, and take away the scepter from him. So he plotted against his life, and slew him basely, no man knows how or where. Some say that he waylaid him on the road which goes to Thebes; and some, that he sent him against the bull of Marathon, that the beast might kill him. But Ægeus says that the young men killed him from envy, because he had conquered them in the games. So Minos came hither and avenged him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to hundred-citied Crete."

6. And Theseus ground his teeth together, and said, "Wert thou not a herald I would kill thee, for saying such things of my father; but I will go to him, and know the truth." So he went to his father, and asked him; but he turned away his head and wept, and said, "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart by questions; it is enough to endure in silence."

7. Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will

go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

And Ægeus shrieked, and cried, "You shall not go, my son, the light of my old age, to whom alone I look to rule this people after I am dead and gone. You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth.

8. "From that labyrinth no one can escape, entangled in its winding ways, before they meet the Minotaur the monster, who feeds upon the flesh of men. There he devours them horribly, and they never see this land again."

9. Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom. And he stood awhile like a tall stone pillar, on the cliffs above some hero's grave; and at last he spoke, —

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the accursed beast. Have I not slain all evil-doers and monsters, that I might free this land? Where are the fifty sons of Pallas? And this Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stay me."

10. "But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster defenseless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth? and have I not fists and teeth?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but he would not hear; and at last he let him go, weeping bitterly.

11. And Theseus went out to the market-place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail in that doleful crew.

12. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that; but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried, —

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

13. And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said, "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship; seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people following them lamenting.

14. But Theseus whispered to his companions, "Have hope, for the monster is not immortal." Then their hearts were comforted a little; but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs of Sunium rang, and all the isles of the Ægean Sea, with the voice of their lamentation, as they sailed on toward their deaths in Crete.

## 53.—HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR.

### Part II.

**A-ri-ad'ne,** daughter of Minos.
**clew,** a ball of thread to guide a person in a labyrinth.
**Dæd'a-lus,** an artificer.
**Ic'a-rus,** son of Dædalus.
**pon'dered,** thought, reflected.

1. And at last they came to Crete, and to the palace of Minos the great king. He was the wisest of all mortal kings, and conquered all the Ægean isles; and his ships were as many as the sea-gulls, and his palace like a marble hill. And he sat among the pillars of the hall, upon his throne of beaten gold, and around him stood the speaking statues which Dædalus had made by his skill.

2. For Dædalus was the most cunning of all Athenians, and he first invented the plumb-line, and the

auger, and glue, and many a tool with which wood is wrought. And he first set up masts in ships, and yards, and his son made sails for them. But Perdix his nephew excelled him: for he first invented the saw and its teeth, copying it from the back-bone of a fish; and invented, too, the chisel, and the compasses, and the potter's wheel which molds the clay.

3. Therefore Dædalus envied him, and hurled him headlong from the temple of Athene; but the goddess pitied him (for she loves the wise), and changed him into a partridge, which flits for ever about the hills. And Dædalus fled to Crete, to Minos, and worked for him many a year, till he did a shameful deed, at which the sun hid his face on high.

4. Then he fled from the anger of Minos, he and Icarus his son having made themselves wings of feathers, and fixed the feathers with wax. So they flew over the sea toward Sicily; but Icarus flew too near the sun, and the wax of his wings was melted, and he fell into the Icarian Sea.

5. But Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face; and Minos bade take them to prison, and cast them to the monster one by one, that the death of Androgeos might be avenged. Then Theseus cried, —

"A boon, O Minos! Let me be thrown first to the beast; for I came hither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

6. "Who art thou, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, Ægeus, the king of Athens, and I am come here to end this matter."

And Minos pondered awhile, looking steadfastly at him, and he thought, "The lad means to atone by his own death, for his father's sin;" and he answered at last, mildly, —

7. "Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

And at that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him: take the madman away."

8. And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos's daughter, saw him as she came out of her white stone hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison, and told him all her heart; and said, —

9. "Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece; and take me, take me with you! for I dare not stay after you are gone, for my father will kill me miserably if he knows what I have done."

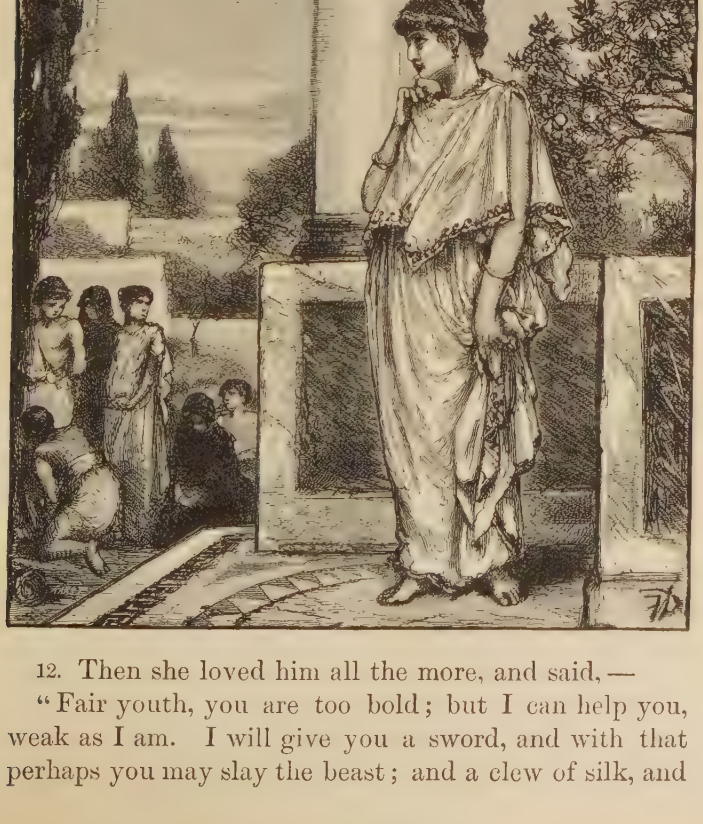
10. And Theseus stood silent awhile, for he was astonished and confounded by her beauty; but at last he said, "I can not go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur, and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

11. Then she loved him all the more, and said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a strange road, if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass."



12. Then she loved him all the more, and said, —

"Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that perhaps you may slay the beast; and a clew of silk, and

by that perhaps you may find your way out again. Only promise me, that if you escape safe, you will take me home with you to Greece; for my father will surely kill me, if he knows what I have done."

13. Then Theseus laughed, and said, "Am I not safe enough now?" And he hid the sword in his bosom, and rolled up the clew in his hand; and then he swore to Ariadne, and fell down before her, and kissed her hands and her feet; and she wept over him a long while, and then went away; and Theseus lay down and slept sweetly.

14. And when the morning came, the guards came in, and led him away to the labyrinth.

And he went down into that doleful gulf, through winding paths among the rocks, under caverns, and arches, and galleries, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand, and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clew. For when he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

15. And when he saw him he stopped awhile, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth were the teeth of a lion; and with them he tore his prey. And when he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed right at him.

16. But Theseus stepped aside nimbly, and, as he passed by, cut him in the knee; and, ere he could turn in the narrow path, he followed him, and stabbed him again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bel

lowing wildly; for he never before had felt a wound. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clew of silk in his left hand.

17. Then on, through cavern after cavern, under dark ribs of sounding stone, and up rough glens and torrent-beds, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went they.

the hunter and the hunted, while the hills bellowed to the monster's bellow.

18. And at last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on a slab among the snow, and caught him by the horns, and forced his head back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then he turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clew of silk, till he came to the mouth of that doleful place, and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

19. And he whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword; and she laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily; for she had silenced them with wine.

20. Then they fled to their ship together, and leaped on board, and hoisted up the sail; and the night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos's ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos; and there Ariadne became Theseus's wife.

## 54.—A TALE OF THE SEA.

### Part I.

**boat'swain** [*bō'sn*], a petty officer.
**car-ron-ādes'**, a kind of short cannon.
**dog'ged**, obstinate.
**e-jac-ū-lā'tion**, sudden exclamation.
**fas-ci-nā'tion**, strong influence.
**gut'tur-al**, pertaining to the throat.
**la-teen'-rigged**, rigged with triangular sails.
**line**, the equator.
**nov'ice**, new hand.
**or'lop**, lower deck.
**pro'logue**, any thing preceding.
**treb'le** [*treb'l*], female voice.
**vol'ūme**, power.

1. Now carmine streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge, and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the *Agra's* white sails, the deck, and the faces; and, with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming liquid topaz.

Suddenly the look-out at the foretop-gallant masthead hailed the deck below: —

"Strange sail! Right ahead!"

2. The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck, and hailed the lookout: "Which way is she standing?"

"Can't say, sir. Can't see her move any."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast, and taking his deck-glass went lightly up to the foretop-gallant cross-trees. There, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long low schooner, lateen-rigged, lying close under a small island about

nine miles distant on the weather-bow, and nearly in the *Agra's* course.

"She is hove to," said Dodd, very gravely.

3. At eight o'clock the stranger lay about two miles to windward; and still hove to.

By this time all eyes were turned upon her, and half a dozen glasses. Everybody, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying to for water; she was a Malay coming north with canes, and short of hands; she was a pirate watching the Straits.

4. The captain leaned silent and somber with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected craft.

"I think he is a Malay pirate," said Mr. Grey.

Sharpe took him up very quickly, and indeed angrily: "Nonsense! And if he is, he won't venture on a craft of this size."

"Says the whale to the sword-fish," suggested Fullalove, with a little guttural laugh.

5. The captain, with the glass at his eye, turned half round to the man at the wheel: "Starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"Steer south-south-east."

"Ay, ay, sir."

6. The alteration in the *Agra's* course produced no movement on the part of the mysterious schooner. She still lay to under the land, with only a few hands on deck, while the *Agra* edged away from her, and entered the Straits, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the north-west.

7. Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men!

His sham ports fall as if by magic, his guns grin through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rises and fills, and out he comes in chase.

The breeze was a kiss from heaven, the sky a vaulted sapphire, the sea a million dimples of liquid, lucid gold.

8. The way the pirate dropped the mask, showed his black teeth, and bore up in chase, was terrible. So dilates and bounds the sudden tiger on his unwary prey. There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceable *Agra;* but danger in a new form shakes even the brave, and this was their first pirate. Their dismay broke out in ejaculations not loud, but deep. "Hush!" said Dodd, doggedly: "the lady!"

9. Mrs. Beresford had just come on deck to enjoy the balmy morning.

"Sharpe," said Dodd, in a tone that conveyed no suspicion to the new-comer, "set the royals, and flying jib. — Port!"

"Port it is," cried the man at the helm.

"Steer due south!" And, with these words in his mouth, Dodd dived to the gun-deck.

10. The other officers stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of somber fascination, on their coming fate; and they literally jumped when Mrs. Beresford, her heart opened by the lovely day, broke in on their nerves with her light treble.

"What a sweet morning, gentlemen! After all, a voyage is a delightful thing; oh, what a splendid sea! and the very breeze is warm. Ah, and there's a little ship sailing along. Here, Freddy, Freddy darling, leave off beating the sailors' legs, and come here and see this pretty ship. What a pity it is so far off! Ah! ah! what is that dreadful noise?"

11. For her horrible small talk, that grated on those

anxious souls like the mockery of some infantine fiend, was cut short by ponderous blows and tremendous smashing below. It was the captain staving in water-casks: the water poured out at the scuppers.

"Clearing the lee guns," said a middy, off his guard.

12. Mrs. Beresford had not heard, or not appreciated, the remark; she prattled on till she made the mates and midshipmen shudder.

The day had ripened its beauty: beneath a purple heaven shone, sparkled, and laughed a blue sea; and beneath that fair, sinless, peaceful sky, wafted by a balmy breeze over those smiling, transparent waves, a blood-thirsty pirate bore down on them with a crew of human tigers; and a lady babble-babble-babble, babble-babble-babble, babbled in their quivering ears.

13. But now the captain came bustling on deck, eyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to convey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and directed Mr. Tickell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck: ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit and grog to all hands: then beckoned the officers to come round him.

14. "Gentlemen," said he, "in crowding sail on this ship, I had no hope of escaping that fellow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range: and then, to keep the company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I

shall fight while a plank of her swims. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly: the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs.

15. The pirate had gained another quarter of a mile and more. The ship's crew were hard at their beef and grog, and agreed among themselves that it was a comfortable ship; they guessed what was coming, and woe to the ship in that hour if the captain had not won their respect!

Sail was shortened, and the crew ranged. The captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect.

16. (Pipe.) "Silence fore and aft."

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a Portuguese pirate. His character is known: he scuttles every ship he boards, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard, and teach him not to molest a British ship. I promise, in the company's name, twenty pounds prize-money to every man before the mast, if we beat him off or out-maneuver him; thirty if we sink him; and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter: if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours or mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors —"

17. "Hurrah!"

"We have got women to defend —"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying — run 'em up! — over our heads." (The ship's colors flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizzen peak.) "Now, lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her" (stamping on the deck) "swims beneath my foot, and — WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

18. The reply was a fierce "hurrah!" from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping-on pirate's ears. Fierce, but cunning, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that union jack, the terror of his tribe, rising to a British cheer. He lowered his mainsail, and crawled up on the weather quarter.

19. Arrived within a cable's length, he double-reefed his foresail to reduce his rate of sailing nearly to that of the ship; and the next moment a tongue of flame and then a gush of smoke issued from his lee bow, and the ball flew screaming like a sea-gull over the *Agra's* mizzen-top. He then put his helm up, and fired his other bow-chaser, and sent the shot hissing and skipping on the water past the ship. This prologue made the novices wince. Bayliss wanted to reply with a carronade; but Dodd forbade him sternly, saying, "If we keep him aloof we are done for."

## 55.—A TALE OF THE SEA.

### PART II.

**am-mū-ni'tion** [*-nish'un*], powder and shot.
**con'sort,** a companion ship.
**con-vuls'ive-ly,** in an irregular sudden manner.
**cōurs'es,** principal sails.
**fore'cas-tle** [*-kas-sl*], the lower forward part of a vessel.
**forged,** worked its way as a ship in outsailing another.
**gaff,** one of the booms or yards of a ship.
**hulk'ing,** unwieldy.
**hulled,** pierced the hull.
(in) **kind,** of the same sort.
**of'fing,** where there is deep water.

1. THE pirate drew nearer, and, firing two guns in succession, hulled the *Agra* amidships, and sent an eighteen-pound ball through her foresail. Most of the faces were pale on the quarter-deck. It was very trying to be shot at, and hit, and make no return. The next double discharge sent one shot smash through the stern cabin window, and splintered the bulwark with another, wounding a seaman slightly.

"LIE DOWN FORWARD!" shouted Dodd through his trumpet. "Bayliss, give him a shot."

2. The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing two heavy guns alternately, into the devoted ship. He hulled the *Agra* now nearly every shot.

The two available carronades replied noisily, and jumped as usual; they sent one thirty-two-pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side; but that was literally all they did worth speaking of.

3. At the next discharge the pirate chipped the

mizzen-mast, and killed a sailor on the forecastle. Dodd put his helm down ere the smoke cleared, and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the foresail. This one interchange was quite in favor of the ship.

4. But the lesson made the enemy more cautious. He crept nearer, but steered so adroitly, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball.

In this alarming situation, Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but, do all he could, four were killed and seven wounded.

5. Fullalove's word came too true: it was the sword-fish and the whale: it was a fight of hammer and anvil; one pounded, the other made a noise. Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters, and raked her at point-blank distance. He made her pass a bitter time. And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivered gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded; and he unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face. Oh, if he could but reach the open sea, and square his yards, and make a long chase of it, perhaps fall in with aid! Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently on, toward that one visible hope.

6. At last, when the ship was cloved with shot, and peppered with grape, the channel opened; in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind.

No. The pirate, on whose side luck had been from

the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, cut away two of the *Agra's* mizzen shrouds, wounded the gaff, and cut the jib-stay. Down fell that powerful sail into the water, and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for. The mates groaned, the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster; the pirates yelled with ferocious triumph.

7. But most human events, even calamities, have two sides. The *Agra* being brought almost to a stand-still, the pirate forged ahead against his will, and the combat took a new and terrible form. A rifle cracked in the *Agra's* mizzen-top, and the man at the pirate's helm jumped into the air and fell dead. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly; and he hurled an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long eighteen-pounders on the gun-deck got a word in. Monk was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea. He sent two round shot clean through him; the third splintered his bulwark, and swept across his deck.

8. "His masts! fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk, through his trumpet. He then got the jib clear, and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns.

This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose: the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision. The pirate's wild crew of yellow Malays, black, chinless Papuans, and bronzed

Portuguese, served their side-guns, twelve-pounders, well, and with ferocious cries.

9. The white Britons, naked to the waist, grimed with powder, and spotted like leopards with blood, their own and their mates', replied with loud, undaunted cheers, and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck. The master-gunner and his mates, loading with a rapidity the mixed races opposed could not rival, hulled the schooner well between wind and water, and then fired chain-shot at her masts, as ordered, and began to play the mischief with her shrouds and rigging.

10. The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first. He hoisted his mainsail, and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by a parting shot.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever. He would soon wear, and cross the *Agra's* defenseless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance, or grapple and board the enfeebled ship, two hundred strong.

11. Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a-weather, to give the deck-guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck-gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from the island, and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner; was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast head.

12. While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death-blow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear, "*Our ammunition is nearly done!*" It was the first mate.

Dodd seized his hand convulsively, pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them, and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair, "Cutlasses! and die hard!"

13. At that moment the master-gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain-shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it into the sea far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack, and came down like a broken tree, with yard and sail, black flag and all. There, in one moment, lay the destroyer buffeting and wriggling — like a heron on the water with his long wing broken — an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd, with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

14. He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close-hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's stern within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to rake him. But his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation.

15. The situation of the merchant vessel, though not

so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, was pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off: if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision, but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit, and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew!

16. Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank.

The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise a little.

"Sharpe," said he, at last, "there *must* be a way out with such a breeze as this is now: if we could but see it!"

"Ay, *if*," groaned Sharpe.

17. Dodd mused again.

"About ship!" said he, softly, like an absent man.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure co-operation in the first part of a delicate and dangerous maneuver he had resolved to try.

## 56.—A TALE OF THE SEA.

### PART III.

**a-low'** [*-lō*], in the lower part.
**beam,** side.
**blanched,** made pale with fear.
**en-vī'-roned,** surrounded.
**im-mē'-di-ate,** for the moment.
**lee'ward** [*loo'ard*], that part toward which the wind blows.
**match'locks,** muskets fired by light held in the hand.
**quer'u-lous,** whining, complaining.
**rel'ic,** what remains.
**scup'pers,** channels cut to carry off water.
**step'ping,** setting the foot of.
**tac'tics,** mode of acting, device.
**trice,** a short time.
**wake,** immediately after.
**yaw'ing,** changing the course.

1. THE wind was west-north-west; he was standing north: one pirate lay on his lee beam stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken masts and yards. The other, fresh and thirsting for the easy prey, came up from the north-east, to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate-fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, put his helm up a little, and gave the ship a broadside.

2. Dodd, instead of replying, as was expected, took advantage of the smoke, and put his ship before the wind. By this unexpected stroke, the vessels ran swiftly at right angles toward one point, and the pirate saw himself menaced with two serious perils: a collision, which might send him to the bottom of the sea in a minute, or a broadside delivered at pistol-shot distance, and with no possibility of his making a return. He must either put his helm up or down.

3. He chose the bolder course, put his helm hard-a-lee, and stood ready to give broadside for broadside. But ere he could bring his lee guns to bear, he must offer his bow for one moment to the ship's broadside; and, in that moment, which Dodd had provided for, Monk and his mates raked him fore and aft at short distance with all the five guns that were clear on that side. The carronades followed, and mowed him slantwise with grape and canister. Loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner; the smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot, and the sail struggling; his foresail hung in ribbons; dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea.

4. The ship rushed down the wind, leaving the schooner staggered, and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate fired his broadside after all, at the now flying *Agra*, split one of the carronades in two, and killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the foresail. This done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow-chasers. The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take these blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

5. Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle.

The great, patient ship ran environed by her foes, one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake,

following her with yells of vengeance, and pounding away at her — but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea.

6. Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened: the pirates to windward and the pirates to leeward of the *Agra* had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed and bullied and tortured was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner that he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring master-stroke, to hurl his monster ship bodily on the pirate's crippled consort. Without a foresail, the latter could never get out of his way. Her crew had stopped the leak, had cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way, could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

7. After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by a heroic, able villain. Astern, the consort thundered; but the *Agra's* response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights.

8. One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, steered the great

ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep, calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

9. The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd, quietly.

"Port it is."

But at this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot, and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm.

10. Dodd waved his hand without a word; another man rose from the deck, and took his place in silence, laying his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with the warm blood of him whose post he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; *she seemed to know:* she reared her lofty figure-head with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout; it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort, close on the *Agra's* heels, just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd, calmly.

"Port it is."

11. The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped: oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her. The Papuans and Zulus, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea,

or crouched and whimpered. The yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon slap into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and matchlocks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gangway. CRASH! the *Agra's* cut-water, in thick smoke, beat in the schooner's broadside.

12. Down went her masts to leeward, like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible, shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the *Agra*, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck; a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of ingulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel — and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awe-struck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

13. Shot in two places — the head and the breast.

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

14. They got to their wounded leader, and raised him; he revived a little; and, the moment he caught sight of Mr. Sharpe, he clutched him, and cried, "Stunsels!"

"Oh, captain!" said Sharpe, "let the ship go: it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands, and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous

voice of a wounded man, but eagerly, "STUNSELS! STUNSELS!"

15. On this, Sharpe gave the command: "Set to-gallant stunsels! All hands set stunsels 'low and aloft."

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste; but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to. Meantime he had himself laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight with a wet cambric handkerchief, and his pale face turned toward the hostile schooner astern. She had hove to, and was picking up the survivors of her blotted-out consort. The group on the *Agra's* quarter-deck watched her to see what she would do next. Flushed with immediate success, the younger officers crowed their fears she would not be game to attack them again.

16. Dodd's fears ran the other way. He said, in the weak voice to which he was now reduced, "They are taking a wet blanket aboard; that crew of blackguards we swamped won't want any more of us: it all depends on the pirate captain; if he is not drowned, then blow wind, rise sea: or there's trouble ahead for us."

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib, with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

17. The *Agra* had meantime got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze, with studding sails alow and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate had gained half a mile.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight

of land: wind and sea rising: and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern.

The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves: the ship only nodding, and firm as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

18. Another half-hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then suddenly the wounded captain laid aside his glass, after a long examination, and rose unaided to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment: he shook his fist at the now pitching schooner, and roared. "Good-by! ye Portuguese lubber: out-fought — out-maneuvered — AND OUT-SAILED!"

## 57.—THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

1. 'Twas on the shores that round our coast
   From Deal to Ramsgate span,
   That I found alone on a piece of stone
   An elderly naval man.

2. His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
   And weedy and long was he;
   And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
   In a singular minor key:—

3. "Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
   And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,

And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

4. And he shook his fists, and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said: —

5. "Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea;
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How ever you can be

6. "At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

7. Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And, having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn: —

8. "'Twas in the good ship 'Nancy Bell'
That we sailed to the Indian Sea;
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

9. "And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the 'Nancy's' men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

10. "There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

11. "For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and acordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

12. "The next lot fell to the 'Nancy's' mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

13. "And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

14. "Then only the cook and me was left;
And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

15. "For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

16. "'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be —

I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I:
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

17. "Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can — and will — cook *you*!'

18. "So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgets), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

19. "'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride
Which his smiling features tell:
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

20. "And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

21. "And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

22. "And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say: —

23. "'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

## 58.—THE TEMPEST:

### A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

### Part I.

**af-fect'ed**, sought after.
**con-clūdes'**, thinks, infers.
**con'verse**, conversation.
**ded'i-cā-ted**, devoted, set apart.
**ef-fect'ed**, accomplished, did.
**of'fic-es**, duties, work.
**per'son**, body, material form.
**sprite**, spirit.
**vex-a'tious**, teasing, annoying.
**vir'tue**, power, efficacy.

1. There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

2. They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

3. The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban; for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange, misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn any thing good or useful. Therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

4. When Caliban was lazy, and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then, swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in the way of Caliban, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

5. Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

"O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress! See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

6. "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from; and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you can not, for you were not then three years of age."

7. "Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda. "I remember nothing more."

8. "Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted every thing; and, as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). Neglecting all worldly ends, and buried among my books, I dedicated my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition

to deprive me of my dukedom. This he soon effected, with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

9. "Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship; and, when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

10. "O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub, that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda; and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

11. Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest,

and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

12. "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son Ferdinand was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves, and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

13. "That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither. My daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

14. "Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak! tell me!"

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

15. "Oh! was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and, because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

16 "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful, "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what farther he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

17. "O my young gentleman!" said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing, —

"Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them, ding-dong-bell."

## 59.—THE TEMPEST.

### Part II.

**ad'vo-cate**, one who pleads the cause of another.
**af-fec'tions**, inclination, taste.
**con'stan-cy**, steadiness.
**en-joined'**, laid upon as a command.
**en-ter-tain'ment**, treatment.
**stū'pid**, heavy, stupor-like.
**sure'ty**, a bondsman.
**pre'cepts**, orders, injunctions.
**prove**, test.

1. This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree.

Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

2. "O father!" said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Dear me! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father. "It eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

3. Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and

from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

4. She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way. Therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

5. "Follow me," said he. "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

6. Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said her father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she

replied, "My affections are most humble; I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

7. "Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and, not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me, if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

8. Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell. He soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

9. Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard. My father is at his studies; he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself."

10. "Oh, my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hinderance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

11. Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened, well pleased, to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

12. In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

13. At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish. My girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine, long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

## 60.—THE TEMPEST.

### Part III.

**af-fords'**, yields, furnishes.
**a-mends'**, compensation, recompense.
**ban'quet** [*bank'wet*], feast.
**brave**, grand, beautiful.
**con'voy**, attendance, protection, guidance.
**couch**, lie hid.
**de-pose'** [*-pōz'*], dethrone.
**dis-cov'ered** [*-kuv'erd*], revealed, made known.
**en-ga'ging**, promising, pledging.
**im-plored'**, begged, besought.
**pen'i-tence**, repentance, contrition.
**re-nown'**, fame, celebrity.
**vo-ra'cious** [*-shus*], ravenous.

1. Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." Then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, he desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned. This command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

2. When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples.

Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused

them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet; and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

3. The King of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero. "If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

4. Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

5. Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of

his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother, and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and, opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

6. Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

7. The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

"No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but whom I never saw till now. Of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

8. "Then I must be her father," said the king; "but

oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness!"

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

9. These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept, and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the mean time," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who, Prospero said, was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

10. Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his liberty, to

wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers.

"My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." — "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

11. Here Ariel sung this pretty song: —

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

12. Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples; at which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

## 61. — END OF THE REVELS.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.